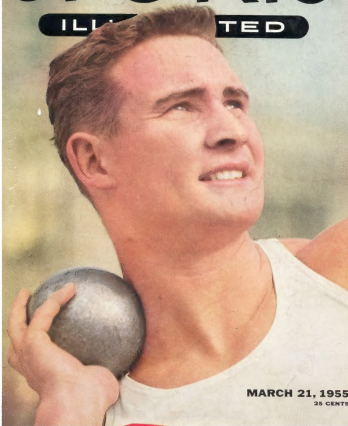


SPORTS

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MARCH 21, 1955

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DICKIE HEMRIC

Dickie (Hoogan) Hemric of Wake Forest College has scored more points in his four-year college basketball career than anyone else in history: 2,587. Next youngest of a family of 19 from tiny (pop. 1,800) Jonesville, N.C., Dickie is 21, stands 6 feet 6 inches, weighs 227 pounds and has been named for All-American honors. A Dean's List student last year, he is interested in both pro basketball and a career in advertising after a stint with the Army.

PAT ON THE BACK

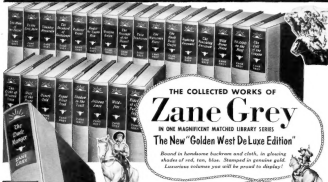
A salute to some who have earned the good opinion of the world of sport, if not yet its tallest headlines

ART TOKLE JR.

Little Art Tokle was fitted with a pair of cut-down skis by his father, a champion jumper, when he was 18 months old. A year later he was jumping. Now 5 and a kindergarten student at Fox River Grove, Ill., Art is still leaping from Art Sr., and the youngster's form is improving steadily. He is convinced that some day he will be "even better" than Daddy. Asked when that day would come, he sighed: "Oh, gee, about 100 years."



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**JIMMY JEMAIL'S
HOTBOX**



JIMMY JEMAIL

The Question:

**Is it possible for
a horse player to
beat the races?**

CHRISTIAN A. THOMSON, Ottawa, Canada



Christian A. Thomson,
Ottawa, Canada

"No. Horse racing is a great sport. If you follow racing as a sport, it's wonderful and rewarding. But if you try to earn your living

betting on race horses, you may encounter disaster. Many players bet on horses as they would a roulette wheel, with as much chance of winning."

MRS. EVELYN L. HOPKINS, Cincinnati, Ohio



Race-Horse Owner

"If you just bet, you can't beat the races. But if you breed horses and bet on your favorites you have a chance. I was fortunate in owning

ing a good horse like Three Rings. He carried my stable for a year. Even so, you must have a generous share of luck to win and stay ahead."

EUGENE MORE, Vineland, N.J.



President, Garden State,
Nishab, Yachman

"Yes. There are persons who make a good living betting. They know horses and they know the odds. If a stock on the market

is quoted at 50 and should be 100, the brokers know it. In racing we call that an overlay. A shrewd player knows the overlays and bets when the odds are attractive."

SHERMAN BILLINGSLEY, New York, N.Y.



Dwight, Stock Club

"Under certain conditions, yes. One of the main requirements of a successful horse player is self-restraint. He knows horses. Usually, he will bet a horse to show, occasionally to win. Some days he won't bet at all. Generally he makes a pretty good living and enjoys racing at the same time."

ERIC GURIN, New Orleans, La.



Jockey

"There are horse players who beat the races for a while. I've known some of them. Usually they've had a good streak of luck which they've played to the limit. But they lost it up, and the odds finally caught up with them. Every player tells you when he wins. But he says nothing when he loses."

H. F. KRIMENBACH, Indianapolis, Ind.,
Company President



"No. I've owned, raised and raced horses for 25 years. I bet on them whenever I'm at the races. The pleasure I have had has

more than compensated for my small losses. I race horses for pleasure and not to make money on them. Done this way, horse racing is the greatest sport in the world."

JIM FITZSIMMONS, Sheepshead Bay, N.Y.



Trainer, Betair Stud

"I don't know anyone who has. I've trained horses all my life. Like everyone else I've tried to beat the races and failed. If you enjoy racing better than anything else, bet what you can afford. Then forget it. I know a few horse players who died with money in the bank. They didn't live long enough."

WALTER W. GONDVAN, Haddonfield, N.J.



Track General Manager

"Certainly. It's been done and I know many who have. Of course, it depends on how it's done. A good handicapper knows when to bet. He wins. However, the thrill is in the actual race, not gambling. This horse the EE better who is responsible for 80% of the total take."

BOB BRISCOE, Lexington, Ky.
Trainer



"You can't beat the races every day. Not even the smart ones can. But some of them do make a living at it. They must, with those

Cadillacs and cigars. I bet only the horses in my stable. They run for me like my brother. I've been around them for 32 years. Maybe I'm not ahead, but I'm not far behind."

TED ATKINSON, Old Westbury, N.Y.
Jockey



"No. But that's just one man's opinion. Percentages are against you because the 'take-out' is too high, mounting taxes, track cut and breakage. The way to play the races is for fun. But on an occasional horse and never bet more than you can afford to lose. Then it's such a pleasure when you win."

FRANK GAMRINO, Pompano, N.J.
Building Contractor



"Certainly. It's done every day at Narragansett when the racing season is on. That's why the track always jammed. Horse players are a shrewd lot. If the races were started 200' against them, they'd stay away. There's always that big daily double. Once in a while you hit the jackpot."

NEXT WEEK'S QUESTION:

Is there such a thing as a 100% honest golfer?

BIG EASTER PREVIEW! TOP-STARRING STYLES!

P

By Bart Lee

4 Stars for the Lee Warren, the most popular pinch-front snap brim hat ever made. Its fine, supple fur felt is pre-shaped to hold its shape forever, yet it looks casually hand-shaped. Lightweight, water-repellent. In grey with a black band, \$7.98.



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Style Extravaganza: Lee Edgeloaf. Sure to head the parade in style. This low-crown, center-crowned beauty has the new narrow brim with a luxurious and softly hand-felted edge. Rich satin linings. Shown for felt... pre-shaped, \$6 courts. Reprising Day at \$12.90.



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Men's Fashion Authority

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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

I RECENTLY mentioned the sports quiz contest which **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** prepared for visitors to our booth at the National Sporting Goods Association Convention and Show in Chicago. Naturally, I've been asked, "Well, what were some of the questions?" So, here they are.

- Where was the first night baseball game in the major leagues played?
- Maurice (The Rocket) Richard has scored more goals than any other hockey player in history. To the nearest 100, how many?
- In the International at Laurel on Nov. 3, Fisherman, Eddie Arcaro up, won. Landau was last. Landau has a better claim to fame. What is it?
- How many times has the four-minute mile been broken?
- Olive drab makes a lot of people think of the Army. But what sport do the people who use the following think of: pale olive dun, olive quill, detached olive?
- In 1954 UCLA won the Pacific Coast Conference Title, Oklahoma the Big Seven, and Ohio State the Big Ten. What else did all three have in common?
- Jack Dempsey's most famous fights were with Firpo and Tunney. But from whom did he win the heavyweight championship?
- Henry and Robert, two guys with stund-alike last names, had a lot to do with what happened in major league baseball last year—one because of what he did and the other because of what he might have done, but couldn't. What are the last names?

These questions (and a lot more) covered a long line of sports, like the issues of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** which inspired them. Among the more than 1,000 sporting goods dealers, buyers and manufacturers in Chicago who vied for the grand prize nobody scored 100. But many contestants came close; and everybody had fun trying.

We thought you might enjoy staging your own contest—perhaps some night between folding up the card table and serving the cheese and crackers. We've printed the questions in sets of four, with an answer sheet, and I'll be happy to send you one upon request.

An important rule of the game: you're allowed to peek—at all your old copies of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**.

Harry Phillips



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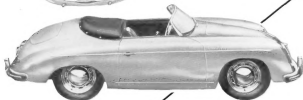
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The Greatest feat for Indians in the "50th year of the World Series" last week; then it was Cleveland's turn, with comedy and drama on both sides. A report from the Phoenix Post by ROBERT CRUMER and HY FROST

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A terrific transformation, a transformation style and 235 pounds of well-distributed muscle made Perry O'Brien the world's greatest shot putter and an exemplary ambassador of athleticism on soil. A novel portrait by JOHN BAYNE with drawings by HERBERT WARREN

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34 **GYMNASTIC GYRATIONS**

For the second consecutive year, the acrobatic gymnasts of Peru, Chile have won the NCAA title. SI presents their tumbling, twisting, climbing, flying, flying in a unique most portrait in color by FREDUND FREDERICKSON

35 **A BOSTON BIRD WATCHER WALKS WITH HIS HERO**

The writing adventures of an admirer of Super Terry Peterson, distinguished author of the authoritative Field Guide, as reported in a letter to a less fortunate friend, and here passed on by GERALD HOLLAND

**COVER:** Perry O'Brien

Photograph by MARK KAUFFMAN

Not since the great days of the Irish Whales (see page 41) have U.S. track fans had a weight man as colorful as Perry O'Brien, the 239-pound Californian who became the first man in history to put the shot over 60 feet. Standard bearer this week for the U.S. track team at the Pan-American Games in Mexico City, O'Brien invented a new way to toss the shot in 1951, today holds the world's indoor and outdoor records (see page 28).

Article appears on cover 45

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NEXT WEEK: ALTITUDE AND THE PAN AM GAMES

THE GOLDEN GLOVES

The biggest elimination tournament in all of sport annually draws an army of 25,000 amateur boxers—of whom only eight will survive. A preview of hope, heartbreak and highest honor in the rings of future champions by LEO GARCIA

A BIG BUSINESS

Behind the scenes at Dodgerstown in Yoro Beach is an organization that the fans never see—the big business side that feeds players, orders equipment, watches over the health of rookie and star. An inside story, with a painting by JOHN GARDNER

THE NAVY'S GAME RANGE

Not that the Navy knew it had one, until the brass discovered that a civilian employee at an ammunition depot in Oklahoma had created an ideal wildlife refuge among the guns and shells. An unusual outdoors story by CLYDE CARLEY

PLUS: BOWLING'S ABC TOURNAMENT AND SHARK SPEARING IN MEXICO IN COLOR

MARCH 21, 1955

SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED

OCTOBER HEROES IN MARCH

As thousands cheer, the Giants-Indians annual spring rivalry hits the road. The champs, however, sometimes perform like Kinky Dicks

by **ROBERT CREAMER**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HY PERKIN

PHOENIX

THE FIFTH GAME of the 1954 World Series was played here last Friday, despite the determined efforts of everyone concerned to pass it off as another spring training game. Technically, factually, literally, it was just another spring training game, the first of 18 such exhibitions that the New York Giants and the Cleveland Indians will play against each other before the major league peasant races get under way officially in April.

Yet, unlike the second spring training game (which the Indians won 4-3) or the third (also the Indians, 13-6) or any of the succeeding 15, this first game of the year between the Indians and the Giants was in everyone's mind an extension of the remarkable World Series of 1954 when the heavily favored but bumbling Indians were crushed four straight times by the alert, aggressive Giants. It is not easy to forget the sweetness of victories or the bitterness of defeats, and no one—Giant, Indian, baseball writer or fan—forgot the Series for an instant. The parallels were ever before you. This was the fifth game of the World Series.

For instance, there was ceremony. Before the game, the city of Phoenix formally welcomed the Giants, with whom the city of Phoenix is in love. A parade of 21 glistening convertibles, separated at intervals by gaily costumed high school bands, carried the Giants, two by two, down Central Avenue, the main street of Phoenix, through the heart of town and out south to the ball park, which is a mile or two from the center of this sprawling, ever-growing city. Phoenixians

—winter visitors and local citizens alike—lined Central Avenue as the cavalcade passed slowly by. Applause greeted each car. Particular heroes were, to no one's great surprise, Willie Mays and Dusty Rhodes. Manager Leo Durocher rode at the head of the parade with Mayor Frank Murphy of Phoenix. Chris Durocher, Leo's blond, freckle-faced, 8-year-old son, turned down a ride with his father and the mayor to sit between Willie Mays and Monte Irvin. ("What's this?" Leo barked in mock anger. "What's this?")

It was an intimate, friendly, almost casual parade. As it passed the Hotel Adams in the very center of the city, Mays threw a rubber ball up to a friend watching from a balcony; rookie Infielder Foster Castleman asked his wife with words and pantomime if she had his western tie. (She did and held it up for him to see.)

At the ball park, the Giants (not the Indians—who train at rival Tucson and thus are not loved by Phoenix) lined up along the foul lines and listened to adulation from the mayor and others, and received individual gifts, (a monogrammed leather toilet kit from the local merchants' association. The Star-Spangled Banner was played, and the Giants raved out on the field to the applause of the 6,253 fans who overflowed the grandstand and bleachers of small, well-kept Municipal Stadium. The sunny day was warm (75°), the grass was green, the fans were ready. Jim Hearn took the mound for the Giants. Eddie Joost stepped into the batter's box for the Indians.

continued on page 12



YOUNG DUROCHER BREAKS LOSER

VALLEY
NATIONAL
BANK



SHAKE HANDS OF WORLD SERIES HERO DUSTY RHODES AS MOST OF PHOENIX TURN OUT TO CHEER GIANTS TOWARD THE PENNANT

Everyone waited for the first pitch.

It was not a game to be long remembered. Before it was over, immortal feet had turned to clay, and the action on the field occasionally resembled the eerie pantomimes of Nick Altrock and Al Schacht (see page 20). The Indians' Vic Wertz took a throw in the pit of his stomach instead of his glove. A sharply hit ground ball went through both Alvin Dark at shortstop and Willie Mays in center field. And finally, Dusty Rhodes himself, stepping up to pinch-hit with the bases loaded, grounded into a double play.

Yet, if it is considerably remembered that this was only March, the very beginning of the exhibition season, the resemblance of this game to the 1964 World Series was remarkable. The Giants won, and won handsily 8-3,

to run their string of victories over the Indians to five for six, if you care to include the last game of the 1964 training season. The Giant pitching was a little better, the Giant hitting more timely, the Giant base running more daring. The Giants were alive and alert and seemed eager to play. The Indians were quiet and methodical and were losing, and they seemed used to it.

A SURPRISE IN THE STOMACH

The first inning was the ball game. Bearn was behind to the first four batters, and almost at once there were two men on base and only one out with Rosen, Kiner and Wertz, the Indians' sluggers, coming up. But, as in the World Series, the Indians' sluggers did not deliver. Rosen took a called third strike and Kiner lefted a high fly to left center which Mays took belly-high for the third out.

In the Giants' half of the inning Mays came to bat with Al Dark on second and one out. He rapped the first ball back to Pitcher Don Mossi, who turned and cocked his arm to throw to Third Baseman Rosen. Quick as a flash Rosen yelled "fast base." Quick as a flash Mossi wheeled and fired to First Baseman Wertz, who stood with his hands out as if to receive the ball. But Vic was apparently watching Rosen and Dark, and Mossi's throw came as such a complete surprise that it took him in the stomach. Mays was safe at first, Dark was safe at third. Before the inning was over, the Giants, who should not have scored, had a 4-0 lead and the ball game.

The next day on their own campgrounds, the Indians broke the long Giant spell with the kind of last-minute rally that brought them last year's American League pennant. Trailing 3-0 in the last of the ninth, they tied the game with a Rosen homer, two singles and a pair of Giant errors. In the tenth, Second Baseman Sam Dent put the first pitch into the stands for the ball game.

The teams were back in Phoenix again on Sunday, and after a seemingly endless stream of errors, during the last few innings, the Indians buried the Giants under a 13-6 avalanche. The only bright spots for the Giants were four innings of shutout pitching by old Sal Maglie and Monte Irvin's crisp batting.

A few practice games do not a season make, but the Indians showed early that they will almost certainly be the same type of club they were last year—a precarious balance of powerful hitting (see Third Baseman Rosen, Second Baseman Avila, First Baseman Wertz, Outfielder Kiner) and fine fielding (Catcher Hegas, Shortstop Strickland, Outfielder Philley), with only Outfielders Al Smith and Larry Zoby equally proficient both at bat and in the field, and with the whole patchwork squad most seriously dependent on the pitching staff, which is admittedly the best in baseball: Bob Lemon (23-7 last year); Early Wynn (23-12); Mike Garcia (19-8); Art Houtteman (15-7); Bob Feller (13-3); Don Mossi and Ray Narleski, the brilliant relief pitchers; and an array of rookies and semi-rookies that includes 21-year-old Herb Score, who won 22 games and struck out 300 batters at Indianapolis. With luck, Manager Al Lopez might find valuable help in the lush rookie crop that came up from Indianapolis, the 1964 American Association pennant winners. These include Score,



SCRIPT FOR SMALL TALK BETWEEN MANAGERS

Darshen: You look fine, Al. Had a nice winter?

Lopez: Not bad, Leo. Plenty of golf, few speeches, and then, how was yours?

Darshen: Nothing but bananas and interviews to have we beat you in the Series.

Lopez: By the way, how did you?

Darshen: That's easy. All you need is guys like Mar- and Dark and Rhodes.

Lopez: Got any more like 'em? I sure could use a couple.

Darshen: I was about to ask you the same thing. The boys can't last longer.

Lopez: That's the best news yet, Leo.

Pitches Howie Rodenberry (32.7) and Dick Toranzo (4.9). Catcher Hank Fails (.352), First Baseman Joe Altobelli (.287), Infielder Billy Harrell (.267), and the fielders: Caffe (.288), Colavito (.251 but 38 home runs), and Harry Simpson (.282).

The Giants, on the other hand, seem much better balanced than the Indians, with their less powerful pitching staffably abetted by excellent fielding. Willie Mays seems as brilliant as ever both at bat and in the field, and the same holds for such complete ballplayers as Shortstop Dick, Third Baseman Thompson and First Baseman Lockman. Where Second Baseman Williams trails off in hitting, he makes up in fielding, and the converse holds true for Right Fielder Mueller. The pitching staff is led by Johnny Antonelli, whose casual confidence this spring stems from his brilliant 1958 season (21.7, a 2.29 earned-run average, both league-leading figures). Right-handers Gomez and Maglie and left-hander Little follow Antonelli as starters, and relief Pitches Wilhelm, Grieson and McCall follow them, as they seemed to do all last season. The bench seems strong, with veterans Rhodes, Hafman, Grasso, Taylor and Gardner, leaving scant room for an exceptional group of rookies, which includes Infielder Foster Castleman (.317) and First Baseman Gail Harris (.309 and 34 home runs) from Minneapolis, and Outfielders Bob Lennen (.345 and 64 home runs) and Eric Rodin (.336 and 18 home runs) from Nashville. One rookie who might stick for bench purposes is skinny Ron Sanford, who looks like Billy Cox, fields like him and, unfortunately, also hits like him.

Durocher's two big problems are to find a left fielder and a right-handed pitcher. Ideally he has both in Monte Irvin and Jim Hearn. If they can play as they did in, say, 1951 (Irvin: .312; Hearn: .17.9), the Giants are in clover. If they fail, the Giants will have a long hard pull trying to come up with capable replacements and a second consecutive championship.

These are the problems to which Durocher and Lages will address themselves as their teams flash out their annual series in Knoxville on April 7. As last year, when the Giants wound up with a 13-8 edge, the series may throw some light on the respective merits of the teams, although experience proves that few are inclined to believe those predictions. But 154 games in their own leagues, still a card between the spring rivals and another official World Series engagement.

END



PEPPER GAME between hold Manager Durocher and Willie Mays (right) is hilarious daily feature of pregame warm-up. Mays casts a bottle of Colza, fancy ranch wine one.



SHOWBOAT ACTS of manager and star entertainer relief Pitches Marvin Grieson and early arrivals. Egged on by Durocher, Willie feigns big smokes over each play.



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

**BASKETBALL MADE SIMPLE ARE LADY GOLFERS LIKE CHILDREN? MILK
FOR WEIGHT LIFTERS TV FOR THE BETTOR CASEY BANS THE DIME TIP
DO YOU HAVE A POINTED HEAD? BANTAMWEIGHT TAKES A RABBIT PUNCH**

Annual incomprehensibility

WITH its season ending, college basketball—which was played by 438 teams in 59 conferences this year, and by more than 300 independent schools as well—has once more approached the point where it is incomprehensible to the average customer. As usual it is held not one but three national tournaments, two of which have been preceded by innumerable elimination games from one end of the country to the other. The least important of the national tournaments (but the biggest in point of teams involved) is already over and East Texas State, as a result, has won the championship of the National Association of Intercollegiate Athletics. The two biggest are currently in operation and will end this week—the National Collegiate AA tournament in Kansas City (where the NAIA tournament was also played) and the National Invitation Tournament in New York at Madison Square Garden. San Francisco and La Salle—which must play Colorado and Iowa respectively in semifinals—are favored in the NCAA tournament. Duquesne is favored to win the NIT, but at the weekend Louisville, Cincinnati, Niagara, Dayton, St. Louis, Holy Cross and St. Francis were still in the running. In all the tournaments the best of teams miss a championship shot if they suffer just one loss in the play-offs. The three tournament winners do not meet, and none of them will necessarily be the team picked as the best of the year by the AP sportswriters' poll. (Final standing: 1) San Francisco, 2) Kentucky—already eliminated in the

NCAA—and St. La Salle.) In 1965, furthermore, a new note will be added: the U.S.S.R. (have a care, Ivan) will later send a team to the U.S. to prove that the steppes of Russia, rather than the campuses of the U.S., breed the best basketball players of all.

The ladies strike back

LIKE the corner saloon, the golf course has long since lost its security as a male refuge. The Manchester (N.H.) board of recreation forgot this fact a while back and passed a resolution: henceforth, women and children could no longer use the municipally owned Derryfield golf course on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays between the hours of 10 a.m. and 2 p.m. The board was not long in hearing from insulted womanhood.



ABSENT

*Our entry is out
Of the hammer (broom)
In a practice try
He didn't let go.*

—BARNEY HUTCHISON

Mrs. Mildred Sullivan (handicap 36), Miss Mildred Allen ("about 25") and Miss Ruth Jennings (25) went to court, claiming the order deprived them of their constitutional rights. The other day came the ruling of the New Hampshire Supreme Court, and the court—a distinguished body of five men, no women—magisterially sided with the town board. In its most cutting passage the court ruled that the board was merely acting "to protect the playing public as a whole. Women are separately classified with children, not because of sex, but because of a manner of playing golf."

Somehow, peace did not descend. On the contrary.

At this point, Colonel Charles G. Y. Normand has appeared on the scene with what looks like a happy solution. Col. Normand, who is chairman of the town recreation board, was ill and inactive when the ban was imposed. Now he is back on the job and has passed the word: the ban is rescinded. In fact, said Col. Normand, the board changed its mind even before the court handed down its decision, but they hadn't gotten around to telling anyone.

Mile of Toccoa

WHEN word flashed around the weight-lifting world a couple of weeks ago that Paul Anderson, the Hercules of Toccoa, Ga., had established himself as the world's strongest man—he had hefted 1,100 pounds in three lifts at the National Capital championships—Anderson was described, as usual, as a "dairy farmer."

This identification rises very clearly

from the legend that, as a young boy, Paul lifted a rail every day until he was able to lift the full-grown cow. But:

"I never lived on a farm in my life," Anderson says mildly. "I never lifted a cow, either, though I dare say I could."

The brown-eyed, curly-haired hulk is not one to be more than lightly impressed by the feats of a professor, Milo of Crotona, who in the sixth century B.C. carried an ox through the stadium at Olympia. Paul of Tororo looks resolutely forward to the day in 1936 when, he firmly believes, he will win the Olympic weight-lifting title for the United States.



At 22 he holds the world's record for Olympic lifts, the record for deep knee bends and now the "strongest man" title which, though unofficial, is not likely to be disputed by anyone who studies his 310 pounds of bulging, purposeful muscle. With hip belt he can lift 3,500 pounds, more than 10 times his weight, from a crouching position.

Anderson first crooked a finger around a bar bell at Furman University, which he entered on a football scholarship. He left at the end of a year, partly because "a football line-man works too hard and never gets any recognition." He now works at all and is full of recognition. That first bar bell belonged to a campus lout who worked out devotedly. But Anderson, with no practice, was able to lift far more than his hard-training companion.

Home from Furman for good, Anderson made his own bar bell of scrap. Then, one day in May, 1932, he loaded the bar with 633 pounds and unofficially broke, by 35 pounds, Canadian Doug Hepburn's world record for the deep knee bend. That victory he attended the "Mr. World" contest at Philadelphia and, under AAU auspices, made his record official by lifting 695 pounds, which was "all they could get on the bar."

Hepburn lost him the only time they met at Cleveland in May, 1933, but on the very night Hepburn was winning the world's championship at Stockholm that fall, Anderson, composed, motionless and at long range in his family's temporary home at Elmhurst, Tenn., Hepburn lifted a total of 1,093 pounds at Stockholm; Anderson lifted 1,053 pounds at Elmhurst. On Lunde's Birthday last month, Anderson officially broke the 3,674-pound world record held by Norbert Schemansky of the United States. He lifted a total of 1,100 pounds.

In June he hopes to win the Senior Nationals at Cleveland and predict

that by the time he gets to Melbourne for the Olympics he will be lifting 1,200 pounds. Turned down by the Army because of his size, the strong boy looks forward to a Soviet invasion match in three Russian cities this spring. He regards competing on the U.S. team as an opportunity to serve his country.

An apocryphal story of Anderson's departure from Furman hasn't been left because "they're starting me to death" and that a Furman coach told the Anderson family, "You boys' son ing us out of house and home." The fact is that his appetite is hearty. He eats only two meals, breakfast at noon and dinner at 7, with the evening meal consisting of, for choice, a tuna sandwich or, for variety, a medium-sized steak, tomatoes and an unfashioned potato, "for protein". No dessert.

"I drink four quarts of milk a day," he adds.

He works out three or four afternoons a week, two or three hours at a time, spends the rest of his day watching television or putting about with young hero-worshippers of Tororo. His 170-pound father, a TVA foreman, helps pay expenses to weight-lifting contests when they are not defrayed in full by contest sponsors.

Anderson cannot accept money for exhibiting his muscles and reluctantly turned down a West Coast promoter's \$5,000-a-month offer to tour Australia. But he knows that after the Olympics, with even greater feats behind him, he should be able to tour the world long and lucratively enough to live comfortably the rest of his life. He has no steady girl but expects to marry when the money rolls in.

"Lots of women are getting interested in weight lifting these days," he notes hopefully.

Cheering with a mouthful

LATEST INNOVATION for the convenience of race track patrons—a closed-circuit television setup—was unveiled at Mustard's Horse track the other day. The installation of an enormous screen in the clubhouse dining room made it obvious that the experiment, for the moment at least, was more for the benefit of the hungry than for the disappointed-in-general beer. While the television camera relayed viewings of the first four races into the room, lunch went on as usual. As usual, that is, with the exception of a few chomers loudly discovered pausing between mouthfuls in order to cheer their horses on. Other trackmen taking the idea around, however, and at least one of them—the Detroit Race Course—has let it be known that this summer closed-circuit television will replace the film patrol as the policing force to help out the ways and means of track shenanigans to a minimum.

The show's the thing

THE LAST DAYS of winter may be counted on to produce, as surely as the first robin, a rash of sports shows up and down the country. New York concluded its annual show at a Bronx arena just as St. Louis was getting its exposition under way at Kiel Auditorium. Similar productions were under way from coast to coast.

It is likely that sportsmen are never able to recapture exactly the same degree of happy anticipation in the real outdoors that is theirs in the fascinating world of make-believe that a sports show represents. Everything seems so wonderfully clear, so astonishingly simple as salesmen demonstrate game

continued on next page



"Proctor, France, Hungary, the women and others were explained."

that cannot rise and ride and leap like that never fail. At a booth devoted to golf equipment, the most adept duffer in the world can see what he has been doing wrong. Indeed, at the St. Louis show, Joe Kirkwood's trick shot exhibition demonstrated beyond all possible doubt that the ancient game, properly understood, is child's play. As for this business of skin diving, Richard Ferguson proved at the Bronx arena that there is nothing to it. He stayed underwater for 24 hours, 21 minutes, consuming 19 tanks of compressed air the while and setting a new world record.

Looks like the greatest year ever for sportsmen. But then, it always does.

Tip from Casey

THRIFT, as Benjamin Franklin advised, is a sensible trait, and baseball players as a group have taken the advice to heart. Working in a profession that usually terminates with youth, they soon learn the wisdom of saving away a few dollars for the later years. However, as the tradition of thrift has grown among ballplayers, it has been practiced with almost too much enthusiasm. Noting this, Manager Casey Stengel decided to give his New York Yankees a few pointers.

In the dressing room of the Yankees' spring training headquarters in St. Petersburg, Stengel pointed a new scale for tipping: breakfast, \$5; dinner, \$10; \$1 a week for the hotel chambermaid. This costed one more ballroomed baseball tradition—the dime tip.

Accentuating the positype

FOURTEENTH-CENTURY least in the minds of poets, playwrights and novelists, the ideal athlete has been a tall, broad-shouldered, straight-backed, long-armed fellow—strong-chinned, clean-eyed and good to look upon. In that ringing, if rather dated, literature relating to the great days of the Via Legatione, in fact, the hero was not only handsome in a manly way but apparently certain of a career in Wall Street or the law. All this, according to the *Abbot's Book* (London, owned by Atherton Laboratories, 1417 W. Glen Street, Chicago)—is romantic nonsense.

When checked carefully against the *Abbot's Book* (London chart), the hero described above comes out a definite "negatype"—the right almost conclude that he would be in danger of his life if he so much as engaged in a bout of Pingpong. This measured with the "negatype build," the Analyzer explains, "was never become national ball-playing champions or even in any of the skill sports," though there are indications that they may be able to swim. "The prototype" build, on the other hand, is just the thing for "sports

that require accurate body movements in relation to an object in flight, like a baseball, while running at top speed" and for body-contact sports.

The ideal positype has narrow, sloping shoulders, although he is gifted with a big chest and general body bulk. His torso is long and his lower legs an-short. He has curvature of the spine and his pelvis tilts, giving him "protrusion of the buttocks." His knees are large and knobby and work everything. His feet are large and so are his hands, if his finger joints are big and lumpy and if he has "thumb isolation," i.e., a thumb that puts out at an angle from his palm, so much the better. The positype's facial profile reveals from nose to chin, "Motor horns," or protrusions, are present above his eyes. His head is small and pointed in back. The *Abbot's Book* (Chicago) does not explain that then, perhaps whether he is capable of speech.



Finland over Norway

SENATORS and Congressmen—on the whole a sedentary group given to talking about courses—should have special interest in the news from Oslo and Helsinki. The Norwegian and Finnish parliaments, reports Reuters, have settled a skiing rivalry by bartering over-skiing and cross-country courses. The first won when 75 of their 200 MPs were to finish. The Norwegian's were relatively slowest, only 37 of their 200 senators, lasted the route.

Boxing's big men

TWO MORE chapters in a continued story:

Chapter One: Budd Schulberg, SE's special contributor on boxing, has been chosen to receive the 1955 Bengal Beata Award at Notre Dame University as "the man who has done the most for boxing in the last year." The Bengal Beata, in which Notre Dame students box intramurally, are an annual event, with the finals traditionally held on or about St. Patrick's Day. Receipts go to a mission in Bengal, India, maintained by USF. Cosponsorship of the Bang Press, the religious order which founded Notre Dame.

Schulberg's award was based on his coverage in SE of the Kid Gavilan Johnny Saxton bout at Philadelphia, in which Gavilan's welterweight title was lost and axed, in fact, to have been stolen. Schulberg wrote then of boxing's underdog, underdog direction by men like Blinky Palermo, Saxton's owner, and Frankie Carlo, syndicate plenipotentiary for boxing.

In later issues SE developed the facts more fully with the disclosure (SE, Dec. 13) that James D. Norris, president of the International Boxing Club, had been involved in boxing fights.

Chapter Two: One of the witnesses who gave evidence of Norris's fighting was Sgt Hart, now 81 years old, a veteran of a half-century in bantam-weight boxer and lightest manager, a man whose most jealous possession is his reputation for rigorous honesty and devotion to the last witness of the boxer he managed. Sgt had refused to attend the meeting at which the Max Schmeling-Harry Thomas fight was fixed and had urged his young friend, Jim Norris, to stay away from it. Norris ignored the advice.

For 32 years Sgt Hart has lived on Chicago's North Side in an apartment which, when he moved into it from a cold-water flat, represented a long upward step for Sgt and his "missus," Sgt and Mrs. Hart prospered there and, since Mrs. Hart died 11 years ago, he has continued to live in the big-roomed apartment filled with mementos of happy times—a huge Circusian walnut bedroom suite, a set of gold-trimmed Haviland china, a five-foot-high mahogany member of a radio (one of the first big sets ever made, for which Sgt plunked down \$29). He likes to sit in an armchair, high-backed chair, in which his bantam body rests comfortably, and look around the room at a collection of huge Chinese vases—Christmas presents from Da Jeng, the Chinatown chamber of commerce. For some years Sgt asked to become involved in collecting vases as Christmas and to develop his own Pekingese dogs. Every Wednesday and Sunday afternoon, following an old man's clockwork routine, he still takes a bus to the Kai Kai restaurant in Chinatown for a visit with his many old friends there.

On his way to the kitchen refrigerator for the insulin he needs to treat his diabetes, Sgt passes another ornate old memory—the heavy crystal vase for which he paid \$145 as a gift to his wife. For various reasons, interested in losing his place through rusted, yellowed clippings and comes up with a gold medal souvenir of the Jim Jeffries-Jack Johnson fight. Johnson gave it to him, engraved with the inscription: "Sgt Hart, Mar. Jack Johnson, Dec. 1911."

Now Sgt has one more memento of his years in boxing. It is a letter from the big Chicago real estate firm of Wirtz, Haynie & Ehrat, Inc., informing him that his lease on the apartment, into which Sgt and his wife moved as his very first tenants, would expire on April 30 and would not be renewed.

There was no explanation in the curt note but Sgt did not particularly feel the need of one. The Wirtz in the firm of Wirtz, Haynie & Ehrat, Inc., is Arthur Wirtz, partner of Jim Norris in the International Boxing Club.

RHINO!

Few exclamations suggest more terrifying African sights than those shown in these rare pictures of the infuriated charge of a rhino

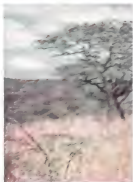
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MURKIN KING, WITH GAYLE AFRICAN EXPEDITION

There are two ways to get close-ups of rhinos: take the pictures from a safe distance with a telephoto lens, or ease up to the beasts and snap away. Joe Mancuso decided on the second method one fine day in Zululand last year. Mancuso was the safari master on a movie-making expedition and not a cameraman. Nevertheless when he stepped from his jeep to start building an album of rhino pictures he performed with professional calm, starting with the two inquisitive rhinos below.





Walking cautiously with one eye on his jeep, which waits with motor running, Marsicano angles toward a black rhino standing suspiciously with head up. A moment later (right) it suddenly charges and the photographer dashes for his car







At full gallop an infuriated cow rhino and her calf hurtle upon the fleeing jeep. Seconds later the animal caught the car and angrily overturned it. As the rhino worried the jeep, its shaken riders escaped to another one nearby

CALIFORNIA'S BELTING BEV

BEVERLY BAKER FLEITZ, a strawberry blonde from Long Beach, Calif., is the leading—and easily the prettiest—aspirant to the world tennis throne recently vacated by Maureen Connolly. This week, 33-year-old little (5 feet 4 inches, 115 pounds) Beverly

celebrated her 25th birthday by defeating the veteran Louise Brough 6-6, 3-6, 6-2 in the finals of the La Jolla tournament. Just a year ago at La Jolla, Bev became a name—and a figure—to watch by dealing Little Mo Connolly her only 1954 setback. Forced to default

in last fall's Nationals, Bev, now ranked third among U.S. women, is ready again to put her powerful and effective ambidextrous game to useful work. Mother of a two-year-old daughter, Bev says confidently: "I have good tournament temperament."

1954-55



PEOPLE WITH PROBLEMS



FIGHTER KID GAVILAN argues his case with gamblers before the Miami Beach Boxing Commission. The former welterweight champion and his trainer, Ramon Mendez Medina, were accused of colluding local boxing officials dishonest after Gavilan lost a decision there to Hector Contareo. Fighter and trainer were fined \$100 each.



QUEEN ELIZABETH, displaying the royal sporting look for early March in wet England, was just another horse at the National Hunt Race Meeting in Cheltenham on her home.



RACER DONALD CAMPBELL, son of Sir Malcolm Campbell, poses with his 2½-year-old terrier in the garage in which he hopes to smash the world water-speed record of 175.497 mph. During trials at Lake Ulswater, England, Campbell was nearly killed when he sped into shallow water at 100 mph, turned away with only six feet to spare.



SLUGGER AL ROSEN, Cleveland's invaluable third baseman, reveals the danger to his 10-year-old career as the index finger of his right hand around a bat. Rosen injured the finger



Dwain Lusk and Milwaukee coach Bob, pondering her failure, with Sid Wilkerson's de Brink, the Queen wears an obnoxious hat, a phantom beaver coat and tipped boots.



FAN (singular) **AND FANS** (plural) make early commitments to their favorite teams. In Miami (above) a lone roster site in the 65,000-seat Orange Bowl pulling for the nonleague University of Miami Hurricanes in a spring practice game. At Milwaukee (below) several thousand Braves' fans, some of whom waited for 16 hours, will cheer in the open field to get into the opening game against Cincinnati, April 12.



while fielding a grounder last season, thereafter his hitting sagged. Former home-run and RBI leader and Most Valuable Player in the American League, Boone otherwise seems ready.



12 ROARING HOURS

INTO the orange-grove town of Sebring in southern Florida last week poured a special breed of sportsmen: the sports car road-race drivers, their accompanying pit crew technicians and thousands of wide-eyed spectators. They had due reason to take up positions at deactivated Sebring airport early Sunday morning. The occasion

was the annual Florida International 12-hour Grand Prix of Endurance, an imposing name which suggests that Sebring has become the Le Mans of the western world, with its nine hours of daytime and three hours of darkness driving over a 5.3-mile course.

"It is not a course that kills you," the veteran American driver, Briggs



SEBRING AIRPORT—course of 5.3 miles—is used for 12-hour terror-roving grid testing drivers and machines. Flags mark start and finish. Black shows endurance surface, white is runway reaction. The numbers indicate maximum speeds along the way.



ON A SIGNAL THE 12-HOURING DRIVERS SPIRIT

Cunningham, appraises it, "but it can kill your car." Other veteran drivers were inclined to agree with American Bob Said, who moaned, "It's fat and wide; you can be a hero and slide, but unless you watch it, Sebring will wear out your whole machine with its corners." This test of brakes, gear box and driver (the course requires drivers to vary speeds from 140 mph down to 15 mph) attracted a record field of 80 cars—28 different makes representing 12 countries. At stake were individual championship points and a writer of lesser prizes.

Lined up on the airport runway, the cars ranged from a cocky little Bandini with a cylinder displacement of only 450 cc. to a whopping Cad-Kurtis of 5,842 cc. But each car had a chance for full honors in the race as a whole and also among cars of its own class. Among pit crews who spent days testing their own equipment—and semi-secretly clocking the opposition—the



BRITISHER Mike Hawthorn at the wheel of the Jaguar D which was named posthumous winner. Car covered 931.6 miles.



PHIL HILL and Co-driver Carroll Shelby each late lead in a Ferrari have now protested 10-second winning margin awarded to the Jaguar



ACROSS SEBRING RUNWAY TO THEIR RACING CARS, SUCH A RACING-TYPE START IS PATTERNED ON SEBRING USED BY FRANCES LE MANS

top favorites for over-all honors were the 2,899-cc. Ferrari in Class D and the brand-new Jaguar D 3,442 cc., owned by Cunningham and competing in Class C (S, Mar. 14).

The Cunningham Jag, driven by Englishman Mike Hawthorn, coasted into the lead on the first lap. Not far behind was Phil Hill, runner-up in the Pan American road race, driving a Ferrari.

Now the grind quickly begins to tell. Cunningham, at the wheel of his own Cunningham C6H, retires with a slipping clutch. Pan American Winner Umberto Maglioli, driving a Ferrari with the Marquis de Portago, exits with a clutch stuck in high gear; Jim Kimberly's Ferrari has a falling differential. Also out early is Pedro Rabinovich, who cracks up a Ferrari. As the D-Jag pulls slowly ahead, Carroll Shelby, taking over for Hill in the Ferrari, is just beginning to hit his stride. Hill, watching Shelby, also is driving with

one arm still bandaged from his Pan American crash, says approvingly: "He's driving like a dream—three minutes, 50 seconds a lap. But there just aren't any brakes." By nightfall Hill and Shelby, still driving like dreams, are up in second place just a lap behind the D-Jag. A Lincoln-Curtis, an Ocea, a Porsche and a Renault are all steering toward victories in their classes. Four small Arndt-Bratons, which eventually swept to first, second, fourth and fifth place in Class E, seem to have no serious competition.

With but two hours left, the D-Jag encounters troubles: dropping oil pressure, a water leak and failing brakes—then a fouled plug. In 20 minutes it makes three pit stops, but the confident team of Hawthorn and Walters figure their lead is safe. The margin is a lap and some two minutes.

At the Ferrari pit, Manager Ugolini figures his Hill-Shelby car one lap closer to the Jag. At 9 p.m., with only 60

minutes to roll, the official clocks reverse their standings, put the Ferrari ahead. A friend yells to Ugolini at 9:25, "It's official! The Ferrari is three minutes, 13 seconds ahead." As the 10 o'clock finish gun sounds, Shelby sweeps down the last straightaway and into a mass of welcoming arms. Even before he can tell Owner Allen Guiberson how he and Hill have done it, the officials are back in the act. Their revised verdict: Cunningham's D-Jag had won after all—by just 16 seconds—after rearing 951.8 miles at an average speed (including all pit stops) of 79.5 mph. The Ferrari board of strategy quickly tosses a big loud protest.

The business of rechecking events of the roaring 12 hours at Sebring will now go before a special board in New York on March 28. Said the protesting but good-natured losers, "Well, it was dark, and scorekeeping is hard under those conditions. But anyway, it was a hell of a good race."



TRACHEROUS hairpin turn rearing off a 124-mph straightaway forces drivers to brake down to 15 mph.



WEARY but exultant victory team of Jaguar D-Game Briggs-Cunningham, Co-drivers Hawthorn and Phil Walters group happily after dejected flag.



PAN AMERICAN GAMES

THE SYMBOLIC FLAME is lit. Eligio Gallia, full-blooded Indian distance runner, stands at attention after performing the traditional fire-opening the Second Pan American Games at Mexico City. Gallia was the last of a relay of runners who brought the flame to the city from La Estrella, a mountain 25 miles away, where the ancient Aztecs once burned ceremonial fires. From March 22 to 28, more than 2,000 amateur athletes from 21 American nations are competing for Western Hemisphere championships in a huge dress rehearsal for the 1968 Olympics. Quartered in dormitories of the University of Mexico, the competitors will perform most of the 18 events in the magnificent and vast elliptical stadium where the impressive twilight opening ceremonies were held before a capacity crowd

of 102,000. Dozens of doves flapped skyward, and 21 game boomed as Mexico's President Luis Cortés strode forward, raised his country's flag and opened the games "in the name of fraternity of the Americas . . . liberty and peace."

BUT one big fact had not been taken into due account—the savage effect of Mexico City's 7,400-foot altitude on thousands of lowlander athletes. During the opening ceremonies one of the U.S. boxers collapsed on the field from oxygen lack. Next day when the races began, men and women started dropping in droves. America's Gordon McKenzie, the favorite in the 10,000 meters, gave out after seven laps. Relatedly, U.S. track officials realized that oxygen bottles were as important in Mexico as spiked shoes.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK KILGUSMAN



PARRY'S POWER OF POSITIVE THOUGHT

Yogi-like concentration and an unorthodox style are the stuff from which Parry O'Brien fashions the world's largest shot-puts

by JOEL SAYRE

EVERY track fan goes to track meets primarily for the thrills he hopes to find there; some go also to watch the beauty of the action. When it comes to excitement or to poetry in motion, the shot-put is often the track meet's ugly duckling. To a track fan enfevered by what confronts him in the arena below—the speedbursts and scarrings, the valors and heartbreaks, the grace and the color—shot-putters are apt to seem a pretty pedestrian bunch: wary and sincere, no doubt, but somehow reminding of hedonists toiling after each other up the same ladder.

There is nothing pedestrian, however, about Parry O'Brien, the 23-year-old shot-putter from Santa Monica, Calif., now an Air Force shavetail, whose fame has spread all over the world, even behind those curtains of iron and bamboo. By constantly and sensationally surpassing himself during the last two-and-a-half years, he has made a usually unspectacular event a thrilling one for the spectators wherever he has competed.

Even the technique O'Brien uses in obtaining his results is spectacular. The shot-put circle is seven feet in diameter and has a toeboard fastened to its front. The conventional technique is for the shot-putter to stand sideways to the toeboard, skip across the circle, then heave, meantime whipping the body around 90 degrees. The O'Brien toss which he personally invented is to start with his back turned to the toeboard. He sets his feet carefully at the circle's rear perimeter, then bends forward. Next he slowly reaches backwards with his left leg until the tip of his left shoe gently touches the center of the circle. Having found its mark, the left leg returns to its original position. Then WHAM! His body whips 180—instead of 90—degrees. His right foot comes down where his left shoe tip touched, and when he heaves he is like an Atlas suddenly gone on strike, hurling from him the heaviest that have burdened him so long.

"It gives you more whip and makes it easier on yourself," O'Brien explains. He has blue eyes, curly brown hair, a fair skin, high cheekbones and an almost permanent deadpan expression which he maintains during competition even though he is boiling inside. It is fascinating at a track meet to watch O'Brien even between heaves. He speaks to nobody. He trots up and down the field, sometimes bending nearly double and revolving his clenched fists swiftly as he gives off a series of ferocious woots. Sometimes he sits in a sort of trance: "working up to the big one," as he calls it. From time to time he will take a snort of liquid honey from a plastic bottle to accelerate his energy. When he picks up the shot, he flips it several times into the air, as though he were tossing a tennis ball back and forth in his hands. He then molars the fingers of his right hand, rubs them on

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PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT HUGHES



He's the man who drives the Austin-Healey



For some people distinction is a gift conferred at birth. More often, though, it is something acquired with maturity as tastes become more discriminating.

But however it is achieved, the unnamed owner in our advertisement seems to have attracted an enviable amount of enthusiasm. That he is identified by his Austin-Healey "100" is no coincidence.

This competition thoroughbred bears the unmistakable imprint of class. Its aerodynamic lines are distinctive because they are truly functional and minimize turbulence at high speed. Naturally, people who set the social pace here and abroad are attracted by this type of styling.

Ability to stand out in a crowd, however, is only one of the Austin-Healey's many attributes. Above all it should be noted that the Healey is a real sports car and not just a sports imitation. His means you can cruise easily and comfortably at 80 miles per hour as at 35. And when stop lights give you the go-signal, you can hit 90 in just 10 seconds. On the other hand, should stopping become essential, you can depend on big 11-inch brakes to snarl you fast with G-pulling authority.

If you have earned a secret yen for a sports car, you owe it to yourself to try the Austin-Healey "100". You'll experience a new thrill in driving and do this in comfort too. Actually the cockpit is big enough for a Notre Dame tackle and the trunk room is amazing for a sports car. But you need the open road flowing underneath to appreciate fully the Healey's rac-

ing suspension and balanced weight distribution. Add to these fast, precise steering and you'll see why the car corners flat as a pool table.

You may never wish to extend your Austin-Healey in racing competition, but the potential is there to command. Powered by its high torque overhead valve engine, the Austin-Healey "100" is the world's fastest modified production car. Yet this record-breaking power plant is highly reliable and easily maintained. And service is always available from more than 350 skilled Austin dealers.

We hope you'll decide to trust yourself to a sports car icon. Distinctive styling, breathtaking performance, and superb reliability are cogent reasons for making the choice Austin-Healey. Such desirable characteristics usually come high but, in this case, there is still no need to pay...Gough is equipped with custom features like overdrive, leather upholstery, all-weather top, tachometer, dual exhausts and knock-on wire wheels. The Austin-Healey costs only \$2985! At this low price there should be no reason for delaying any longer a trip to your Austin dealer.

Only
\$2985
fully equipped



"I ALWAYS HAD



UNPRINCELY PROPS which included an everted mitt, a top hat and a swallow tail coat worn over a baseball uniform identify Al Schucki, the "krown prince" of baseball. At one time a promising pitcher, Schucki parlayed a dead arm and an intimate knowledge of the game into a comedy act that has delighted generations of baseball fans.



MORE FUN THAN ANYBODY"

Comedian Al Schacht looks back over his 40 years in baseball and finds he got as many laughs as he gave. He recalls a kindly John McGraw, a rube named Johnson, and the time he kept Babe Ruth up all night

by AL SCHACHT with ED KEYES

I didn't know it then, but 1913 was to prove the beginning of my career—as a clown, not a baseball player.

A friend of mine named Bob O'Donnell got me a tryout with Newark of the International League, then managed by Harry Smith, one of the most comical and best liked managers I met in baseball; he was a good catcher, too, but he was hopelessly addicted to practical jokes. I was just 19 then, the youngest rookie in camp. It took Smith about 10 minutes to size me up and establish me as his favorite and number one victim.

In a good-natured way, life was horrible around the Newark club. You never knew when you were going to pop into bed with a covey of garter snakes or come back to your hotel room and find all the furniture missing.

One day, when I was due to pitch in Buffalo, I decided things had gone far enough. On the way to the ball park I noticed a horse and vegetable wagon drawn by an old Italian.

"How much you make a day selling vegetables?" I asked the driver. He told me three dollars.

"Well, you have just earned three bucks and a free pass to the ball game," I told him. "Let me borrow your horse for a few minutes."

SHALL DOINGS

We un hitched the nag, which was skinny, away-barked, flea-bitten and droopy-eyed, and led her under the bleachers. Then I got hold of a small bag and gave him my last two dollars to carry out my instructions.

I warmed up before the game as usual, then ducked back into the clubhouse. When our side was out in the first inning, they took the field and waited for me to come out. In a moment, the park was rocking. For here I came from under the bleachers, wearing a lady's pink dress with a bright red ribbon around my head, aboard a broken-down horse, led by my tiny boy. At the mound, I slid off my steed, removed my spatterly robes, discharged my attendants and bowed to Harry

Smith, who was catching that day. "This is for your benefit, my dear sir," I crooned.

Harry was laughing so hard he could barely stand up. After the horse was off the field, I settled down to pitch. I got shelled out in the second inning—and Smith was still laughing.

The jokes had started during training that season in Savannah, Ga., with just about the worst gag I ever came across—and naturally it was on me and Harry was the evil genius.

"Al," Harry said, "There's a new pitcher coming in today. I want you to room with him." I agreed readily enough, but then Harry added, "There's only one thing—he just got out of a lunatic asylum." My eyes must have popped. "Oh, they say he's all right now," Harry reassured me.

When I met him, the guy, whose name was Beanie Hall, seemed okay. That night, I went to my room on the fourth floor of the hotel, intending to turn in early. I flipped the light switch, the lights didn't go on. By the hall light I could make out Beanie sprawled across the bed, wearing his complete game uniform. There was blood all over his face!

I stood there a moment, paralyzed. Then I tore out of the room and downstairs. Finding Harry in the lobby, I cried: "Harry! That guy is crazy! I think he's killed himself."

"What," Harry roared. "I'll take care of that! Let's go up."

Upstairs, Harry said, "You wait out here," and went inside. I watched him stomp over to the bed, pick up Hall's body, lug it to the open window and dump it out. Four stories! I felt faint. Harry walked by me, brushing himself off. I raced to the window and stared. There was the body on the ground.

When I stumbled downstairs, the lobby was full of players laughing. I could have dropped dead when Hall and Smith walked up to me. Week from laughter, Harry explained how he'd rigged up the dummy.

We had a lot of fun that year and without realizing it I was beginning to



AUTHOR SCHACHT usually considers his old hat and ball. This article is an excerpt from his autobiography, *My Own Peculiar Baseball* (\$1.50), to be published by Doubleday & Company on March 24.

pick up material that later on was going to form the basis for some of my best baseball acts. But that didn't concern me then. I wanted only one thing, to make the big leagues. And I did too, the very next year, but Cincinnati sent me back when they found I had tricked them about my size. I weighed 132 pounds, but I pitched a game in front of one of their seats wearing two thick sweat shirts, two pairs of stockings, bulky sliding pads and anything else I could find to blow me up to at least 150.

The game got me a bid but when Calvin Griffith, the Reds' manager, saw me he did a double take. "Kebae said you weighed about one-sixty." "I lose a lot of weight when I pitch," I said. "and I lost pitched somewhere." I was in Newark the next week.

TIGHTROPE WALKER

When I look back on it, I'm always slightly amazed by my early days in baseball. Just when everything looked hopeless, I'd get a marvelous break that would save me.

About a year after the Cincinnati fiasco I was going great guns, then my arm went dead, the first of a long list of arm troubles that eventually cut short my playing career and prematurely brought out the comic in me. Being unknown I promptly did startle the wrong thing—I went straight to McGraw of the Giants. This was so

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A GOOD PITCHER, Schacht's playing days were cut short by recurrent sore arm.

AL SCHACHT *continued from page 51*

wrong, it turned out to be the smartest move I ever made.

Contrary to everything that has ever been said about the fairly and tough John McGraw, I found him one of the most considerate men I met in baseball. Despite my bad arm, he signed me for \$300 a month and, knowing I hadn't been paid in three months, gave me a \$500 bonus out of his own pocket. Not only that, he told me, "I don't expect much from you the rest of this season. You won't even have to pitch batting practice if your arm can't take it. All I ask is that you report for all games like everybody else."

Shortly after I joined the Giants, they went off on these famous 24-game winning streak. The boys on the team were jittery as the string grew longer... but when they did bust out, it was because of bad, sloppy baseball. I can still see the clubhouse after that losing game. The players were sitting around, relaxing, when McGraw stormed in.

He was quivering with rage. "You," he raged, sweeping the room with his hand, "are nothing but a pack of lousy, boneheaded bums. Not once did you hustle today. Errors I don't mind. But when you mis-sign, run the bases like drunks, and throw the ball all over the place, you all ought to be shot. Big league ballplayers—hah!" He spit on the floor, then turned and went into his private office, slamming the door. The room was still as a tomb. Then we heard it—the toughest man in baseball was weeping like a baby.

My arm didn't come around, but McGraw never pushed me. "Just let

me know when I can call on you," he told me. "I don't want you to pitch until you think your arm can stand it."

And McGraw was supposed to be tough to live with! He was a right guy.

He stuck with me until June of the next year but then—to cut down the roster—he had to send me back to Rochester. But he guaranteed me the same \$300 a month.

With Rochester my fortune sank almost plumb out of sight, and then came the blackest day of my life in a doubleheader at Richmond. I was sent in to relieve in the sixth inning of the first game, and in the ninth, with the score tied 3-2, and two out, a guy named Reynolds whacked a homer and Richmond won.

As I passed the grandstand on the way to the clubhouse, some loudmouth yelled: "Why don't you hang it up, Schacht? You're through!" Without thinking, I said a few things which I couldn't possibly repeat now. We were moping around the dressing room later when the door burst open and a big guy in street clothes marched in.

"I'm the sheriff," the guy stated, showing his badge. "I have to look up your pitcher, Schacht. The mayor's wife says she heard Schacht use foul language and swore out a warrant."

Dodan, the manager, shot me a dirty look, then snapped to the sheriff, "Okay. But wait till after the second game, will ya?"

TAKE HIM AWAY

The sheriff agreed and sure enough, Dodan called me in to relieve in the seventh inning, with the score tied again. Who's the first batter I have to face? Not the same Reynolds. You guessed it—hange! Over the left field fence. As the Richmond fans went wild, Dodan belted to the stands: "Where's that sheriff? . . . You can have him now!"

The old Schacht luck hadn't deserted me yet, though. The Army saved me this time, and when I came out my arm was solid. Another year in the minors and then I was with the Washington Senators for what I keep telling myself was a pretty sensational career in baseball, if it was damn near the shortest.

I was like one of those 15¢ rockets that whoosh up, make a big poof with bright stars and disappear. My greatest day in baseball was just about my last as a player. I won my only two straight throws of the 1910 season and had a five and one record as we came into July. Then it happened. On July 1,

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PHOTOGRAPH BY VIKTOR HANNAGRÖV

GYMNASTIC GYRATIONS

Penn State's gymnasts tumble, twist, stand and climb for a mass portrait

Upon the superbly coordinated muscles of these eight straining young men rest the main hopes of the Penn State gymnastic team's retaining its NCAA title at Los Angeles next week. The Nittany Lions, under Coach Gene Wettstone, are strongest on the parallel bars (Don Rehm), the trampoline (Chuck Pegley), rope climbing (Burrill Haag), and the captain of this year's team, Karl Schwesefele, is a good bet to take the NCAA All-Around championship. The Penn State squad will be sweating for its third straight NCAA triumph and next month will move on to the AAU meet at Rochester, N.Y.

Picture key: 1) Donald Rehm, handstand on parallel bars; 2) Dien Weissend, straddle leg support; 3) Chuck Pegley, half turn on trampoline; 4) Bill Paxton, back somersault with layout; 5) Burrill Haag, climbing 20-foot rope; 6) Karl Schwesefele, free handstand on rings; 7) Hugh Clise, double leg circles on side horse; 8) Charles Marshall, handstand on floor.





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TIP FROM THE TOP



Especially useful for beginners
and for high-handicap golfers

Join **JIM FOGARTY**, pro at Sunset Country Club, St. Louis

Lining up a shot correctly seems a relatively easy thing to do, but actually it isn't—at least not for beginners and high-handicap golfers. It is not at all uncommon for a player, when preparing to play his shot, to look in the right direction but to have his body and the face of his club lined up improperly.

Now, there are three salient points to consider in lining up a fairly long shot correctly: The club face should be square to the line of direction, forming a right angle with that line. The golfer's feet should be placed parallel with the line of direction. And thirdly, it will be found that when the golfer takes a proper stance his left shoulder points slightly to the left of the line of direction. Some golfers strain to keep their left shoulders pointing directly on the line of direction, but in actuality the golfer is then set to hit the ball many yards to the right of his target.

This is the point to remember: After setting the club head and the feet correctly, keep tab on that left shoulder. See that it is pointing a bit to the left of the target you're aiming for.



Jim Fogarty demonstrates how the left shoulder should point slightly to the left of the target



NEXT WEEK'S PRO: **GEORGE AULBACH** ON THE SPOT ON THE BALL

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WITH CITY DIM IN BACKGROUND, BIRD LOVERS PEER INTO A WORLD ALL THEIR OWN

BOSTON BIRD WATCHER WALKS WITH HIS HERO

by **GERALD HOLLAND**

An admirer of Roger Tory Peterson, author of the 'Field Guide,' reports on the exciting adventure to a friend

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MEEK

Bird watching has been described the Dr. Seussologist Joseph Flieper as "a wild paradox of the cerebral nervous system which can be cured only by rising at dawn and sitting in a bag." Nowhere is this pleasant addiction cultivated by as many nature lovers as in Boston. Whenever Roger Tory Peterson, author of A Field Guide to the Birds, the bird watcher's bible, leads a field trip out of that city it is definitely the ornithological event of the year—for thousands of fans in the following letter from a proper Bostonian to a bird-loving friend.

R. H. Phipps Piper, Esq.
Harvard Club
New York City

Dear Phipps:

You and I have been bird watching since our school days at St. Paul's and through the years each of us has had his moments of triumph. Your greatest moment, I suppose, came when

you added the marbled godwit to your Life List. I can confess to you now, Phipps, that until today I have never quite found it in my heart to forgive you that. Mind you, I have never actually doubted your godwit (although the bird is extremely rare and almost unheard of at the time of year you said you saw it), but if ever I had the slightest mental reservation about it, I could not be anything but generous in this—my great moment. For I have had the greatest adventure of my career, and nothing that the future holds for me can be anything but anticlimactic. This day, my dear Phipps, I have been bird watching with Peterson!

I know you will agree with me, Phipps, when I say that Roger Tory Peterson is the finest all-round bird man since John James Audubon. I grant you Audubon may surpass him in sheer artistry, but—to me—Peterson's *Field Guide to the Birds* is far and away the finest handbook ever

published. I've said that for years and now—knowing Peterson—I believe it more firmly than ever.

SENSELESS AT NINE

Do I hear gnashing of teeth? Very well, old man, I shall come directly to the point. Through some mischance, the notice that Peterson had come to Boston to lead a bird walk did not come to my attention until late yesterday afternoon. Naturally I was quite excited by the news and immediately called Audubon headquarters. I was told to be on hand in the lobby of Hotel Bradford at 9 o'clock next morning. Let me hasten to say, Phipps, that I did think of calling you in New York, but decided against it, feeling that the trip to Boston and the excitement of meeting Peterson face to face might be too much for you.

There were, I should say, about 75 bird lovers milling about the hotel when I arrived. Peterson himself was

not in evidence—although I had never seen him in person. I felt sure I would recognize him instantly from his photographs. I took advantage of the wait to study the people who would be my companions on this historic (for me, at any rate) field trip. Outwardly they seemed to have little in common. They were of all ages from the teens to the 70s, a pleasant-looking, clear-eyed group whose spirit of happy anticipation gave me a warm glow. Suddenly I was overwhelmed with a glorious feeling that strikes all true bird lovers from time to time, namely that we share the finest (perhaps the only worth-while) hobby in life. Impulsively I leaned over and exclaimed to a matronly lady next to me, "Good morning! I'm Bayard Ashcroft, Harvard '11!"

She smiled, but before she could reply, as I'm sure she intended to, there was a stir in the crowd and cries went up: "There he is! There's Peterson! etc., etc." All heads went swiveling toward the main entrance and now I could see, advancing through the crowd, Roger Tory Peterson himself, striding purposefully, head held high, waving and nodding as he moved easily among us. I hurried forward for a better look.

Let me give you my first impression. Roger Tory Peterson looks every inch what he is—the world's foremost authority on birds. He is a big man, splendidly proportioned, square-shouldered and erect. He has a fine large head, strong jaw and clear-cut, intense color of his eyes, deep-set and blue, are those permanent wrinkles that have come

with his years of patient scanning of the sky. His artist's hands are slender and fine-boned. He exudes an air of quiet satisfaction, the air of a man completely happy in his work, at peace with the world and himself. It was easy to see that field trips were an everyday affair with him, for he wore no hat, no heavy boots and only a light topcoat over his sports jacket. Now he smiled briefly in acknowledgment of the applause and, his face sobering, he held up a hand for silence. I cupped a hand to my ear, fearful of missing a word.

"There are two buses," said Peterson clearly and firmly. "I shall act as leader for one bus at the start and then—midway in the trip—I shall move over to the other bus. In this way I shall have an opportunity to meet and chat with each one of you."

A STROKE OF LUCK

A delighted murmur burst from the group and the lady next to me cried, "How like the man?" I was so caught up in the excitement that I shouted, "I propose three cheers for Roger Tory Peterson!" Alas, I was drowned out in the bubble of the bird lovers as they suddenly started for the street doors. Clutching my binoculars and *Field Guide*, I was swept along with them and by a great stroke of luck was carried into the first bus and deposited directly across the aisle from Peterson! Thus I was able to hear Peterson as he chatted with a young woman from one of the newspapers. This was clearly my day of days.

Now, Phipps, I shall attempt to set down the young woman's questions and Peterson's answers as accurately as I can remember them.

"What," said the young woman rather aggressively, I thought, "is the bird population of the United States?"

"About 5,750,000,000," replied Peterson promptly, adding for good measure, "The world's bird population is approximately 100 billion."

"Is bird watching increasing?"

"Enormously," said Peterson quickly. "As evidence, I can cite the sales figures for my own *Field Guide*. In 1939 it sold about 5,000 copies a year. Now it sells more than 34,000 annually. All told, more than a quarter of a million copies are now in use."

"(Hear, hear!)" I exclaimed under my breath.

Then the young woman asked what I thought was a rather silly question. "Why in the world," she said, "do people take up bird watching?"



PETERSON knows just how to enjoy an other as party admits his technique.

Peterson was not at all irritated. He smiled a little and leaned back in his seat. Then a thoughtful look came over his face and he said seriously:

"Bird watching brings one out in the country, gives one a chance to identify one's self with nature. Weekend bird watching offers a wonderful release to people trapped all week in the great structures." He was silent an instant and then went on:

"Birds in their flight are a symbol, I suppose, of the freedom we all covet."

I thought that was perfectly fine and made a note of it on the flyleaf of my *Guide*.

Now the young woman asked a question which I thought was perfectly shocking. (How I wished that the Boston *Transcript* was still being published; the *Transcript* always had one reporter who did nothing but catch birds.)

"Is there any relation," asked the young woman nodding, "between bird watching and the current vogue for keeping parakeets?"

I watched Peterson closely. Did he betray the slightest irritation at this gauche query? Nothing of the kind! The man is above that sort of thing.

"No," he said evenly. "No, my dear young woman, there is absolutely no relation at all."

At this point, there was a cry from the rear of the bus.

"Sparrow hawk on the right!" Peterson looked around quickly, spotted the bird and nodded in approval.

Now came the cry:

"Lark on the left!"

Peterson looked quickly again, and again he nodded in confirmation.

"White-rumped sandpiper in the marsh!"

Without looking around, Peterson frowned ever so slightly, then turned to the woman behind him who had cried out.

continued on next page



EVERYONE had either binoculars or a Balcarce, but none carried a book like this.

"Not likely," he said gently, "for a white-rumped sandpiper to be about at this time of year."

The poor lady turned red as a beet and buried her head in her *Field Guide*.

Soon we had arrived at Folly Cove, which you and I know so well, Phipps, and we all piled out of the bus and formed a group around Peterson. He set up his BalsaScope (a prismatic telescope mounted on a tripod) and within a half hour had identified the white-winged scoter, European cormorant, common loon, horned grebe and Holboell's grebe, a gannet, a murre and a black guillemot. This last provided the greatest excitement and there were cries all around me: "Lifer! That's a Lifer for me!" I couldn't hide a smile, Phipps, for both you and I added the black guillemot to our Life Lists years and years ago.

Next stop was Andrew's Point and here, Phipps, I thought the naturalists in the group were rather inconsiderate. At the very moment that Peterson was setting up his BalsaScope they went scrambling down the rocks searching for sea creatures caught in the tidal pools. I was quite irritated by this digression and looked anxiously at Peterson to see if his reaction might be the same as mine. He said nothing, but we exchanged glances that spoke volumes.

We moved on to Gloucester and here there was great excitement when Peterson spotted a Kumlén's gull. Again this was a "Lifer" for many in the group and when Peterson called for a show of hands by those who had previously observed the gull, my hand shot up at once. "Perhaps," said Peterson, "someone can tell us a bit about it!" Phipps, it was one of my sweetest triumphs, for I had been leading through the section of the *Field Guide* devoted to gulls only the night before.

"Kumlén's gull?" I cried, my voice trembling a bit. I swear, "once regarded as a hybrid between the herring and Iceland gulls—now believed to be a race of the latter! Ranges from the Arctic to New Jersey and the Great Lakes in winter!"

There was a spontaneous burst of applause. I looked at Peterson, who said nothing but smiled in a way that was fraught with meaning.

For me, Phipps, a high point of the day was our stop for lunch along the roadside near Newburyport, for it was my great fortune to find a place not far from Peterson himself. One member of the little group that sat under a tree with Peterson was a Harvard graduate



"Bring me her case up with quite an idea!"

student who sparked the luncheon talk with a truly fascinating behind-the-scenes glimpse of the study he is making of the endocrine systems of millworms. A splendid young man who is destined to do great things with worms. But it remained for Roger Tory Peterson to tell a story with which you can have great fun among your bird-watching friends in New York. It seems, Phipps, that not long ago Peterson undertook a 39,000-mile tour of the North American continent and in the course of it he visited a remote Alaskan village. The chief of the Eskimos turned out to be an avid bird watcher (although, as Peterson laughingly remarked, perhaps for "ulterior motives") and was equipped, if you please, with a BalsaScope—which is supposed to be the latest thing here in Boston! But here is the really hilarious part of it, Phipps. When Roger Tory Peterson asked the chap his name, he—the Eskimo, mark you—replied, "My name is Peterson!" Well, Phipps, you can imagine the effect of the story on us all. I myself laughed until the tears came!

A BLUE GOOSE LEADS

Plum Island was our next "port of call" and there we visited the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service station whose director—fittingly enough—is named Gordon Nightingale. A pleasant young man in his 30s, Mr. Nightingale had just begun a talk on the work on his station when Peterson stepped forward, apologized quickly and then pointed skyward. There—stretching out like a ruled line above the horizon, Phipps,—was an enormous flight of Canada

geese. Peterson trained his BalsaScope on them at once and then cried out excitedly that the flight was led by a blue goose, which—as we know—is smaller than the Canada with a white head and neck. Everyone began chattering at once (again there were cries of "Lifer!") and Peterson held up his hands for silence. A hush fell over us all and then we were thrilled to hear the faraway cacophony of the honking geese.

As we trooped back to the bus, I thought to myself that surely my day had been filled with thrills—never imagining that my greatest thrill (next to meeting Peterson, of course) was still to come. For it was while we were rolling along the highway that something caught my eye as I gazed dreamily out the window. The thing did not register immediately and perhaps half a minute had passed by before I jumped to my feet and fairly screamed!

"Snowy owl on the hayrick!"

There was a screech of brakes as the alert driver brought the bus to a tooth-jarring stop. Cries went up: "Where? Where?"

"Perhaps a sixteenth of a mile back!" I shouted. "Reverse gear, driver! For the love of heaven, man, reverse gear!"

In no time at all we were piling out of the bus. I had a dreadful moment, fearing that my eyes had played tricks on me in the fading twilight. But no! There he was far all to see—A genuine snowy owl sitting solemnly on the hayrick—the very image, I might say, Phipps, of your Uncle Fowler.

I looked anxiously at Peterson. He nodded and trained his BalsaScope on the hayrick. Then he turned to the group.

"Snowy owl," he said, "and an excellent specimen. Whiter than most."
There was a moment's silence and then I stepped forward.

"The snowy owl is a day-flying bird," I said firmly, "prefers marshes, meadows and shores. Pounces on pests, dunes, muskrat houses and haystacks."

There was a cheer and some applause for, as you have already guessed, Phipps, I was quoting directly from the *Feld Guide*.

Just then the snowy owl took it into its head to fly off and out of sight. There was a murmur of disappointment. Then once more there were the cries here and there of "Lifer! Lifer for me!" As a matter of fact, as you know, Phipps, it was a "Lifer" for me as well, but I couldn't bring myself to admit it.

THE BIG DECISION

Later, while we were all having coffee and doughnuts at the Ipswich Sanctuary, the last stop of the day, my conscience bothered me a little as I filled out my field card. I thought perhaps I should confess to the others that I had never seen a snowy owl before. But then I thought it might reflect discredit on Boston bird watching in general and so decided to say nothing. Instead, on an impulse—brought on, I am sure, by the excitement of my greatest adventure with the birds—I jumped to my feet and shouted: "I propose three cheers and a Tiger for Roger Tory Peterson!"

They were given with a will.
Your friend is bird watching.
Hayard

END



BIRDS were begging to be watched all over everywhere. Hobbies were passed.



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SNOW PATROL

A late roundup of snow conditions in America from picked local skiers

NS=new snow; PO=powder; PP=pocket powder; HP=hard packed snow; RB=hard ice; GR=granite; FG=from glacier; CO=concrete; BC=breakable cold; UC=unbreakable cold; W=wet; G=icy conditions; BS=best spots; DG=dangerous conditions; CL=trail or slope closed.

HUMBERTS REPRESENT INDICES OF \$4000

COMPILED BY BILL WALLACE

Spring skiing conditions are now identical among areas. East end West

NEW ENGLAND: BLACK MT., N.H.: Hot sun and high temperatures have brought out the CO on a 1-25 base. Skiing is good.

WHITE MOUNTAIN, N.H.: 1 PG on 12-20 HB. Hawk business is hot but in danger.

FRANCIS, N.H.: 2 PO on 2-25. 6 NS would make trails to top conditions.

SHOVEL, Vt.: 3 PO surface with 31-64 base on Mansfield, 27-40 at Spruce Peak. Due to thawing, road conditions are rough.

WAS. STATE, Vt.: Excellent skiing should continue as matter what the weather due to 12-25 HB with PO or GR surfaces.

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

A digest of last-minute reports from fishermen and other available sources

KEY TO SYMBOLS

PG=fishing good; PP=fishing fair; FG=fishing poor; DG=unfishing good; OP=unfishing poor.

COMPILED BY ED BERN

STEELHEAD FROG: BOSTON, CALIFORNIA: Fresh runs and late fishing reported from Lake Taupo, Bear and Clearwater rivers in Vancouver Island. On the mainland, Vardine has been producing limits of fish in 18 pounds. Outlook patchy, with late late fishing still to come. **SHORELINE: PP, HP.**

WATERBURY: PG generally but Seneca, Wyoming and lower Conchos report new runs.

TARPON: FLORENCE: Advance platoon of west coast migration have arrived at Boca Grande, Pelican. New knowledge of Philosophy and Cretaceous of Lower Valley, N.Y. led last week to 100-pounders with 70 and 75-pounders, respectively. **HP** and improving through April. Ten Thousand Island area reports reports on the move and smoking trout beds.

BLACK BASS: CALIFORNIA: Harris Lake is hot, with five bass last but one has run to 8 pounds. With high winds started off and shivered south. **HP** on all California River reservoirs from Mendocino to Marquette.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: FI with low limit in Carmichael and Alameda waters, especially Kitty Hawk area, and coastal ponds. **OG.**

WATERBURY: Upper part of Lake Taupo should produce several limits last Saturday with most big bass still in deep water, outlook is excellent. **PG** and **OG** in Lake Taupo (upper end), with deep-running plugs favored by local experts.

MO. FRONTIER, Vt.: Rafe and high temperatures have brought **HP** and **RB** on 4-11, **Wt.** **OG**, **Wt.** 34 **HP** should cover good spring skiing for another three weeks.

NEW YORK: TROON: CO surface on 25 base.

WATERBURY: Wt. 2 PO on icy base, 6 NS needed.

WATERBURY: Luf. **HP** and **RB** on 15 base. **Wt.** **HP** and **RB** on 15 base. **Wt.** **HP** and **RB** on 15 base.

WATERBURY: Wt. 2 PO on icy base, 6 NS needed.

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NO ROOM FOR THE GROOM

Everyone but Carmen Basilio gets a crack at the welterweight title

by RUDD SCHULBERG

Two of my heroes are Joe Louis and Joe E. Lewis, a couple of champions who know how to set you up and move in and murder you, the former with quicker-than-the-eye combination punches, the latter with smart, jabbing lines, satirical songs and a mischievous elegance that earns him my vote on the first ballot in the comedians' Hall of Fame.

This may seem a roundabout way of getting to the main item on our agenda, the forthcoming Saxton-DeMarco welterweight title fight. But bear with us, for both Joe cast their shadows over the Palermo-San Silverman thing that is coming up in Boston, April 1. April 1 is, of course, April Fool's Day, which just goes to show that Philadelphia's Blinky and Boston's Sam have a sense of humor. In this case the joke is on Carmen Basilio, the perennial No. 1 welterweight challenger who lost an eyelash title fight decision to Kid Gavilan a year and a half ago and has been doing a lot of road work ever since, chasing first Gavilan and then his successor, the oft-named unchampion, John-

ny Saxton. Saxton, you may remember, won the title from Gavilan in Blinky's home town last fall in the smallest fight since a couple of grapplers wrestled in the ring in *You Asked For It*.

Joe Louis, unlike Blinky and his eight-armed—forgive the word—champion, never walked away from a challenger. Unlike Johnny and practically every lightweight champion including John L. Sullivan, the Bomber took on the best heavyweights alive between 1934 and 1935. Call him a champion and you have to find another word for Saxton. This is some indication of what heads like Palermo are doing to our cruel and noble sport. A Palermo champion leads you out of the world of sport and into the hair-splitting netherworld of semantics.

As for Joe E. Lewis' right to a paragraph or two in a boxing column, I submit that he described the Gavilan-to-Saxton-to-DeMarco rumormongering of Basilio with all the humor of a Red Smith and all the elegance of a Jimmy Cannon in a certain ballad with which he

used to regale the last show customers at the Copacabana. It concerns the unhappy lot of a prospective husband whose efforts to wed the lady of his choice are hopelessly thwarted by the crowding in of all sorts of visitors from the butcher to the baker to the uncle who plays the horses at Jamaica.

The butcher, in this case, would be Gavilan, on the basis of what he does to the King's English rather than the King's men. Saxton will do nicely for the baker, a fellow who kneads the dough so desperately that Referee Abe Simon can't pry him loose from the stuff. The uncle who plays the horses at Jamaica could be Blinky, although booking the numbers might put him a little more in character.

A DORNYTRICKLE WITH PERFUME

Besing fans from San Ysidro, Calif. to Fort Kent, Maine will fill in the name of the groom, Carmen Basilio, who to my mind hasn't lost a fight since the one to Billy Graham nearly three years ago. In 1953 he was uncooth enough to knock Kid Gavilan off his feet and nearly off his throne. The commissioners, whose word is as good as their word, decreed that Gavilan should meet the upstart (N.Y.) left-hander within six months—another six months—and another. Dissolve through, as we say in the movies, and who's in the ring with the fading mambo dancer? The fifth-ranking Saxton, clearly entitled to the honor by virtue of a draw with Johnny Lombardo, who himself had qualified for Saxton by losing six of his last nine. Before Lombardo, Saxton had gone into the record books as a winner over Johnny Bratton, in another Dornytrickle that gave off a heady perfume of dead fish.

But don't go away, fight fans, your interests were being protected. The commissioners were going to see to it that Saxton defended against Basilio within six months or forfeit his title.

So what could be more logical (for this business) than that Johnny Saxton, inspired by his scintille defeat at the hands of Ronnie Delaney, meet fourth-ranking Tony DeMarco in Chowder Town this April Fool's Day?

Basilio celebrates his 38th birthday the following day and is beginning to look a little old for a groom after being left waiting at the church since September 18, 1951. As usual he has been promised a title bout with the Saxton-DeMarco winner on his home ground, Syracuse, on April 29. Norman Rothschild, the youthful, personable and trusting promoter up there, says, "We have contracts on file with the new



"What would be good in a restaurant owned by a prize fighter?"

York State Athletic Commission calling for Basile to meet whoever is the welterweight champion on that date."

Meanwhile the Massachusetts Boxing Commission has its own contracts on the record, calling for a return Saxton-DeMarco match within 90 days.

Harry (short for harried) Markson, the pipe-smoking, book-reading Union College graduate who is the managing director of the IBC really had his heart set on a Saxton-Basile match. It used to be protocol to stab you in the back in the boxing business. There seems to be a new trend toward the frontal assault. Quoth Markson, "As Joseph Welch, the Boston attorney has said, 'I can stand one stab in the heart a day.' Lamar [Mass. Boxing Commissioner] has stabbed me in the heart this day. From a Harvard man yet."

As Joe E. Lewis' parable would put it, the church is just too crowded. The brother-in-law from Toledo got in, a guy with a misfit tuxedo got in—but the groom . . .

Tony DeMarco is a pretty fair fighter, but Basile has been all dressed up and no place to go for a long time. April Fool's night in Bean Town, Tony and his soft-shoe partner will be a couple of guys in misfit tuxedos.

P.S. APPPPF (Association for the Protection of the Poor Pun-epen Fight Fan) arise! You have nothing to lose but your patience. **END**

ANNIVERSARY



BOB FITZSIMMONS knocked out Jim Corbett and won the world heavyweight boxing championship at Carson City, Nev., 20 years ago this week. Floored in the sixth round, Fitz got up and carried the fight to Corbett. In the eighth he landed a hard left to the stomach which turned the tide of battle. In the 14th round the same punch knocked Corbett out and was unannounced by Sportswriter Bob Davis as the "solar plexus" blow.



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GOLF

BO GESTE

Bo Winiinger broke through at last and won at Baton Rouge

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

EVER since he turned professional three seasons back, Francis (Bo) Winiinger—the pronounced Y-ringer—has played consistently good golf but it was not until the recent Baton Rouge Open that he at length managed to win a major circuit tournament. In Bo's case, this final busting through will probably have only a minimal effect on his general outlook. Now 32, happily married to a girl he met when they were both attending Oklahoma A & M and extracurricularly employed as a salesman for an automobile agency in Oklahoma City, Winiinger is an exceptionally sturdy young man with a streak of genuine independence who learned how to take care of himself long ago, a grown-up athlete who keeps a firm martingale on his considerable temperament and knows how to ride the breaks, both good and bad, without getting unduly histrionic about them.

THE MOBILE INCIDENT

Stability and a sense of proportion in an athlete are the foe of what today is called color, as any admirer of Tommy Heerich or Stan Musial will corroborate. Winiinger, fortunately, has one earnest idiosyncrasy: he drives an automobile as if he were a shady European prince who no longer gets his kicks from chamade hunting and *c'est la vie*. There are, as a result, quite a number of stories involving Winiinger and intemperate transport, but the one his colleagues on the tour enjoy the most is the "Mobile Incident." This took place two winters ago on the Sunday evening after the finish of the Baton Rouge Open when the pro pack was moving east to the St. Pete Open, the next stop on their calendar.

At about 10 o'clock that evening as he was heading down on Mobile, Bo, who was driving by himself, spotted Freddy Wampler, Art Deering and Bill Ogden cruising along in their cars at a speed that an automotive expert might describe as two-and-a-half-times-the-mph-favored-by-Horton-Smith-in-a-madcap-mood, or 75 mph. Bo shot out with a suitable flourish and passed them. A moment or so later, checking

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his rear-view mirror, he caught a glimpse of a car pressing to overtake him, quickly identified it as Doering's, and slamming his foot down another notch, managed to protect his lead for several miles whereupon he discerned rather tardily that the man in the pursuing vehicle wasn't Doering at all but, naturally, an officer of the law. Bo pulled over to the side of the road, and when the other three golfers in due course stopped to see if there was anything they could do for their buddy, the cop booked all four for speeding. He led them slowly back to the combination court-and-jail in a one-intersection town none of them remembered driving through.

The judge arrived a half hour later in great ill-humor. He was an old dirt farmer, and the idea of being pulled out of bed in the middle of the night hardly appealed to him. He eyed the four golfers balefully. The fine, he declared, would be \$20 apiece.

YOUR HONOR

Since he had been the driving force in the whole affair, Winsinger assumed the role of spokesman for the defendants. "Your honor," he began, "that's an awful lot of money for fellows like us to pay. All four of us standing here before you are touring professional golfers. I don't know if you've met any pros before, but I can tell you that it's just about the hardest way in the world for a man to make a living. Each week you move from tournament to tournament trying to win sufficient funds to keep body and soul together. Now, the four of us here, we're having bad seasons. None of us are putting a lick. We're on our way to St. Pete hoping, judge, praying that we'll get that old feel back and win enough money there to afford, say, a bowl of chili at night and a motel room over our heads. You see, if you fine us \$20 apiece . . ." Bo kept on in that vein, and it was visible that the old judge was gradually softening. He finally waved his hand and announced that he would take the hardship of a golfer's life into account and cut the fine down to a total of \$17.50 for the four.

Bo thanked him several times.

"Yes, thanks a lot," Doering put in as he pulled a bill out of his wallet. "Judge, you happen to have change for a hundred?"

. . . So, all things considered, since Bo was probably traveling the same route to St. Pete last week, perhaps it was a very good thing that Hagen Rouge was where he first won first place and first money.

(K.R.)



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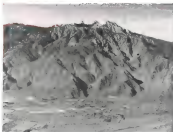
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AMERICA'S OASIS

Smoked in the middle of the desert spreads Palm Springs, one of America's great playgrounds, scorching by mountain water and the sun-bearer's dollar

Palm Springs, or Hollywood-in-the-Desert, is a sun-soaked monument to man's incredible ingenuity 105 miles east of Los Angeles. "The Village," as it is known to the 7,000 locals and the visiting cognoscenti who swell the population from October until June, nestles in a sheltering cove of the San Jacinto Mountains, which tower 10,986 feet above the gray-sand and sagebrush floor of the once inhospitable Colorado Desert.

There is no lack of hospitality now. The resort accommodates 25,000 visitors a week at the top of the season in trailer camps, hotels, motels, private clubs and lavish desert homes. It offers 336 swimming pools (the largest number per capita in the world), 29 stables to satisfy the would-be cowboy, and, as a prospect for the near future, the Mt. San Jacinto Tramway, the world's longest—5,640 feet up from desert floor, a 25-minute ride from sand to snow.

Even so visionary a lady as the late Mrs. Nellie Hoffman, who started it all, would be amazed by the upward and outward mushrooming of this cloudless community. When Nellie came to Palm Springs in 1909 to open a boarding house, there was nothing there but a run-down hotel, 11 dilapidated houses and a handful of settlers. "Nellie's Boarding House" is now the swank Desert Inn, a million-dollar-a-year product of imagination and the boom that has accelerated since the war. To it and to the pink-stucco El Mirador, to Charlie Farrell's Hollywood Oasis, the Racquet Club, and to quietly exclusive Smoke Tree Ranch, to the golfing paradise that is Thunderbird and the expensive playground that is the Shadow Mountain Club and to

hundreds of no less imaginative, if less well-known, establishments the sun-seekers come.

They come for golf and tennis—and Palm Springs considers itself winter capital of both worlds. They come for the night life, an annex of the Sunset Strip, and for the desert riding. But mostly they come for the sun. It is the village's most salable commodity, as witness the blurb of a real-estate development: "One-half hour more of sunlight"—because the place is located out of the shadow of Mt. San Jacinto, which cuts off the sun in midafternoon in most of Palm Springs, leaving a desert chill over the egg-shaped swimming pools.

Those who come soon find themselves victims of a pleasant desert madness, caused no doubt by the tingling arid air, the incandescent desert night, made more so by spotlighted palm trees and flashing neon, and by the magical spectrum of the desert at dawn and sunset. They manifest this madness chiefly in the way they dress. A grandmotherly lady in sensible shoes recently returned to the El Mirador from a first day's browsing among the shops—branches of Los Angeles' finest stores—that line Palm Canyon Drive and reported to her husband, "Well, I bought the uniform." When asked what the heck that was, she produced from a shopping bag a pair of pink linen shorts—brief ones—and a dyed-to-match bejeweled cashmere sweater.

Actress Sara Sânce (Mrs. William Hollingsworth) wears a new Palm Springs favorite, a little-boy suit in sand peplus.





PALM SPRINGS *continued*

GOLDEN WEST COLORS worn by Mrs. Hovens/Hart glow against the sage-greenery around the Tennis Club pool. Skirt of cream linen. Polka-dot top has new button neckline. Both skirt and blouse designed by Rudi Gernreich.



BRIGHT PLUMAGED GOLFERS at Thunderbird: Fred Karlen in Hawaiian shirt; Bob Little in cream flannel slacks, red alpaca pullover; Milt Hicks in red linen.



FRINGE-TOPPED GOLFCAR is popular contrivance at Thunderbolt Golf Course. Heavy Camille White has a home there, with sherry, priory, white wine, red-wine, sherry.



...elects; the president of the President's Club, ... (Duncan's white alpaca cardigan) ... ball's Ralph Kiser in costume shirt, gold slacks; Dick Friedman in alpaca cardigan.



PALM SPRINGS HAT is a straw tennison, finely decorated with flowers and ribbons. Decorated hats were first worn at an annual Desert Union Women's

year ago. Now they are traditional western riding toppers, as worn here by Zetta Castle, wife of a desert apartment-hotel owner. Also native: cactus and vines.

PALM SPRINGS

continued

TRADITIONAL WHITE is still favored for tennis, even in sock-slugger Palm Springs, where the Rancho and Tennis Clubs are strongholds of the game. *Yvonne Hellier* at *Carriac* had three pushover-erect teams: pleated, strapped white Dumas tennis shoes by Hogan of California. The dress is worn over matching shorts.



IN THE PINK at the Rancho Club is *Mona Powell*, wife of actor *William Powell*. Her pushover-erect team, rather over-dressed in a rhinestone-studded dress, *George Rigley*, a director of *Southern California LTA*, wears English wool jersey tennis shirt and cream flared shorts.

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GRAPEFRUIT CIRCUIT

Wiget and Tenney battle it out for Southern outboard honors

by MICHAEL DEMAREST

St. Petersburg's Lake Maggiera may not be 40 miles long, like its Alpine namesake, but it's only four feet deep. This has its advantages, as Referee Whitney Miller assured the assembled drivers at the Third Annual Sunshine City Outboard Regatta on the Florida lake: "Any place you dump, you can stand up in it." Even more important, its green waters were as smooth as a Florida lime drink before the bright, hornet-anxious swarms of outboards poured out around the one-and-two-thirds-mile course the last Sunday in February.

The St. Petersburg Regatta was the sixth of seven days of outboard racing sanctioned by the American Power Boat Association in Florida from January 23 to March 13. It was also the last day's competition on the Grapefruit Circuit between two of the wildest and wisest pros in the outboard business: Bill Tenney, a lanky, blond, 39-year-old engineer from Dayton, Ohio; and stocky, dark-haired Bud Wiget, a retired, easy-going fellow from Concord, Calif., who's been fascinated by outboards since he was a teen-ager and lost his girl to a boy who owned one. Wiget (pronounced to rhyme with "epiget") now competes in about 18 regattas a year, is particularly spectacular in runabouts (with APBA records in both C and F racing and C service classes) and in 1954 was the APBA's top-scoring pro driver for the third time. Tenney, unlike Wiget, competes in National Outboard Association events as well as rival APBA-sanctioned races, and holds the B and C hydroplane records for both the NOA and APBA.

SIZES AND TYPES

The runabout, a flat-bottomed pleasure craft which evolved into a racing boat, is less fast but also less likely to flip than the hydroplane, which has steps on the bottom and was designed strictly for racing. Between the two types of boat, outboard classes are simply divided, for equality, according to engine size (from seven-and-a-half-cubic-inch piston displacement in class M to 40 cubic inches in class F motors) and engine type (stock, service or

racing). Gasoline-burning stock engines are raced as they come from the manufacturer, without modification. In most serious, record-breaking outboard racing, alcohol-burning service and racing motors, whether designed originally or modified for the faster fuel, are used.

The first event at St. Petersburg in which Wiget and Tenney crossed the starting line together was the C racing runabout. The crowd was braced for a cutthroat contest; both were running neck and neck for the Colonel Green Star Island trophy, the Grapefruit Circuit's top award for racing pros. Tenney led the first heat all the way, with a good but unspectacular average speed of 51.487 mph. Wiget finished second by a comfortable 13.1 seconds. The second heat, which Tenney also won, was disappointing. Wiget had a cracked cylinder head, which may have been slowing him down in the first race, and had to drop out.

Wiget was not entered in the two heats of the C hydro class, next on the agenda, which Tenney won. But then came the F hydro race, last of the day and the last in which the two rivals would battle boat to boat on this year's Grapefruit Circuit.

In the first heat, Wiget slammed his U.S. 2 hydro around the course unchallenged for an average speed of 64.194 mph, an APBA record. Tenney placed third, behind Hap Owens, last year's class F hydro champ. But the record breaker was too much for Wiget's motor. In the first lap of the second heat a broken ignition wire cut him a cylinder and he dropped out. Owens won that one, with Tenney again following the 46-year-old truck driver from Bedford, Mass. across the line.

Altogether, at St. Pete, Wiget was first in the C service runabout, third in F hydro and fourth in C racing runabout, which with his previous four wins in C service runabouts was enough to clinch the trophy. Tenney logged three wins, one second and one fifth. In the pits after the racing, Wiget announced cheerfully that the Florida trip—his first since the 1950 APBA championships at Lake Alfred—had been good fun. "We'll have to continue



WIGET IN RECORD-SETTING CLASS F HYDRO

the lead with Tenney next year," he grinned. "Bill runs actually quick. He's a hard man to catch."

A GOOD BARGAIN

Although the APBA's scoring year runs from April to October and does not include Grapefruit Circuit points, the Florida regattas give the Wigets of the outboard world a chance to break records, and tomorrow's record breaker an opportunity to rub the varnish off their boats in competition. It's also a good barometer of the sport. Most old-timers on the circuit this winter believe outboard racing is off to its latest start in years. Close to 250 drivers, a record number, were competing on the Grapefruit Circuit this winter, and the number of drivers registered with the APBA and NOA is growing steadily. More and more outboard regattas are being scheduled: the 45th odd NOA or APBA sanctioned events in 1954 may be swelled by as much as 100 this year, with a proportionate increase in unofficial, unsanctioned races.

New drivers in all classes, and new equipment, much of it still in the experimental stage, promise that outboard racing in 1955 will move closer than ever to its logical niche in U.S. sports: a thrilling mass spectacle for fans; a relatively safe but spine-tingling pastime for participants. (SEE)



HIGH-FLYING ROCKETS

Nobody can stop the Air Force team from Andrews

by GERALD ASTOR

CAPTAIN John C. Toomay, a regular Air Force officer with eight years of service, is a communications and electronics specialist at Andrews Air Force Base in Maryland. His is a name that should linger—quite apart from his accomplishments in his profession—in some of the more unofficial Air Force histories. For the captain, in addition to his regular duties, is the coach of the Andrews basketball team which this year racked up an unprecedented 43 straight wins.

This record was not accomplished without stiff opposition. The Rockets now stand at the top of a list of some 250 Air Force "varsities," and they also won two from Quantico, the pride of the Marines and scored victories in exhibition games with highly touted college teams such as George Washington, Maryland, Richmond, and a Dick Bicketts-less Duquesne.

The remarkable success of Andrews can only be partially attributed to Captain Toomay's coaching skill—in fact, the good captain would be the first to admit that the Andrews five is powered by some of the Air Force's finest engines found outside an F-86. Only one of the eight top men on the team was not a college star. The five starters include two All-Americans, Cliff Hagan of Kentucky and Dick Knostman of Kansas State and the Syracuse Nationals. Also present are Bob Rousey of Kansas State, Wally Ziemba of Wayne University, and Lou Tsiropoulos of Kentucky, who last year along with Hagan and Frank Ramsey, now with the Boston Celtics, sparked Kentucky to first place in national ranking and an undefeated season in 25 games.

For substitutes Andrews relies mainly on Dick Godaar of Bradley; George Phillips who never played varsity ball in college and a fellow named Toomay. The latter starred for the College of the Pacific and bounced around professional basketball with the now defunct Washington Capitals, Chicago Stars and Baltimore Bullets between World War II and the Korean conflict.

Andrews uses its small guards, Ziemba and Rousey, to bring the ball down the middle while the big men hustle

down the sides to meet the ball under the hoop. In addition the well-drilled Andrews team can pull any one of 72 offensive patterns out of its cap to meet a given situation.

The efficacy of the Andrews system can be shown with a few statistics. During the regular season the Rockets, playing under college rules, averaged 95 points a game and in 14 contests scored over 100. Hagan was high scorer averaging 23 points a game. The team as a whole hit on a highly creditable 47% of its shots.

Possibly even more impressive than statistics are the mid-eyed comments of opponents. Bill Reinhart, coach of George Washington University which lost twice to Andrews, remarked: "If they have a weakness, they never bring it with them." A Marine officer, asked about the pace of the Andrews offense, added wistfully: "Sometimes the two points come slower than usual but they always come."

Andrews' only real failures were three preseason practice games which they dropped to the Minneapolis Lakers. Since Air Force regulations limit personnel to 6 feet 6 inches (Hagan is 6 feet 4 inches, Knostman 6-feet-5,

Tsiropoulos 6-feet-5), the men of Andrews could not handle the professional giants. "They just pounded us to death," says Toomay.

Andrews, in the words of Toomay, obviously "has a plethora of talent." It did not just happen that way, of course, but neither was it a matter of frenetic recruiting.

Somebody with authority at Andrews decided it would be nice to have a powerhouse in basketball. As command base for the Military Air Transport Service, Andrews has the authority to request transfer to it of any man in the Air Force so long as two conditions are met: there must be a job open for him and the man must indicate that he wants to transfer. In addition, any ROTC second lieutenants going on active duty may state where they prefer to be stationed. By these legal and impeccable methods alone Andrews has picked up its top-flight team.

All of the players held down conventional Air Force jobs. Hagan is a public information officer, Tsiropoulos the base athletic officer; Knostman serves in the reserve officers affairs section, Rousey is a supply officer, and Ziemba like Toomay is a communications specialist. Toomay, incidentally, has no problems in handling his stars: the starters are all lieutenants. "I pull rank incessantly," smiles the captain.

The only flaw in the Andrews basketball future is that the members of the team will eventually go back to civilian life. But Captain Toomay and Rocket supporters can take heart. As long as there is a draft law the supply of All-Americans should be plentiful. J.M.B.



CHEERING, GRINNING ANDREWS TEAM CELEBRATES QUANTICO WIN. AT LEFT IS GERALD TOOMAY

the shot, then on the back of his neck.

Parry O'Brien began being internationally outstanding in 1952 at Helsinki when, at the age of 26, he not only won the world's championship in his specialty but broke the Olympic record with a heave of 57 feet 1½ inches. It was a great pot surely, though not the greatest ever: Yale's Jim Fuels had previously heaved one 58 feet 10½ inches. But in 1953 O'Brien became the first member of the human race to put the 16-pound shot farther than 59 feet.

DOING THE IMPOSSIBLE

Then last May at Los Angeles in a dual meet between UCLA and his own university, Southern California, he broke through the 60-foot barrier, a supposedly impossible accomplishment, like the seven-foot high jump and the four-minute mile. (That same week at Oxford, Roger Bannister, with his 3:59.4, exploded the mile myth.) O'Brien's first actual break-through, at 49 feet 4 inches, did not count because he was still warming up in his sweat suit—the jacket buttoned, the long pants gathered at ankles—when he made it. But after he got the cricks out of his old bones, he poled down to his underwear, started heaving in earnest and went to the showers with 60 feet 5½ inches to his credit. Finally last June, again in Los Angeles, O'Brien topped O'Brien at 60 feet 10 inches for the longest 16-pound shot-put by Homo sapiens to date.

But Parry isn't satisfied. This year he is gunning for 62 feet, although as he puts it, "I don't expect to do better than the low 62s." His start in this

direction was halted temporarily by a virus infection, but he recovered in time to raise his world's indoor record by an inch and a half to 59 feet 5½ inches at the AAU championship games at New York's Madison Square Garden last month.

This week O'Brien is doing triple duty in weights at the Pan American Games in Mexico City. Standard bearer for the United States team in opening-day ceremonies, he will try for a double in the shot and in the discus. Without having had time to give it his full attention, O'Brien already has one of the longest throws in history, 184 feet 1½ inches. But O'Brien is no man to do things by half measures. He will complete the week by marrying his college sweetheart, Miss Sandra Cardnoy, and following that may leave on a 28-day good will tour of South America.

It might be gathered from the foregoing that two-and-a-half years of uninterrupted triumphs have swollen young O'Brien's head, but this is not so. True swellheads have lost their faculties of self-criticism, if they ever had any. Although Parry is certainly not hobbled by an inferiority complex, he is self-critical to an extreme degree. O'Brien is never satisfied with what he has already done. It is what he should do, must do, will and shall do next that he is continually concentrating on.

Observers at a dual meet last year with UCLA noticed Parry carrying a small board. On it was printed: "59-5½, Stan Lampert," and in large letters: "MAY 21." Lampert, of New York's Pioneer Club, is O'Brien's closest rival, and the week previous he had heaved the terrific 59-footer. O'Brien was out to beat the mark and had set May 21 as the date. But he became skittish

or eager on May 8 and jumped his own timetable. He has not yet set a specific day for the attainment of the 62-foot goal, though the vision is always in his mind, even in his dreams.

O'Brien believes that at least half the requirements for championship shot-putting are in achieving the proper psychological attitude. "After you reach 57 or 58 feet," he says, "you find you need a lot more than strength to go any farther."

BIG ENOUGH

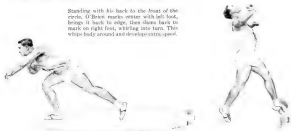
O'Brien has the strength all right, although he's not particularly outside among whales, as the runners and leapers call weight men. He's 6 feet 3 inches, 239 pounds and has a 50-inch chest. Lampert is 10 pounds heavier and Tom Jones, the colossal Negro from Miami (Ohio) University, who is probably the third best shot-putter in the U.S., is 15 pounds heavier.

"You've got to get keyed up to a point where everything about you is so taut it might break," O'Brien has said. "You've got to be mentally ready to make the toss. You've got to get nervous, get your blood flowing, your metabolism working faster and faster. Your heart has got to beat like a trip hammer. When I'm ready for a toss, I'm all wrapped up in myself. I'm in a different world."

At college, where he took a course in comparative religion, Parry used to have long talks with several Hindu exchange students about yoga, the Indian mental discipline aimed at concentrating the self into that "different world." The Hindus gave him a number of yoga exercises to try, but "with my big muscles, I couldn't hit a lot of the positions." He insists, however,

THE FORM THAT BROUGHT THE 60-FOOT PUT

Standing with his back to the front of the circle, O'Brien marks center with left foot, brings it back to edge, then slams back to mark on right foot, whirling into turn. This whips body around and develops extra speed.



that yoga taught him a good deal about concentration.

O'Brien's chief musical interest is in primitive rhythms. "I get inspiration from the Afro-Cuban stuff, Polynesian music like the Balinese and Tahitian, and from Tibetan bells. Anything different that sounds far-off takes the mind back to where it started from." Clearly he feels there is a definite connection between primitive rhythm and a record-breaking toss.

"It's like the natives who used to sit around beating the drum," he once said. "The beats got faster and faster, and the warrior got real frenzied until he thought he was invincible. That's the way with me. I work myself up to such a pitch that finally, when I reach for the shot, it feels like three pounds. Then when I heave it, I'm better than I really am. Like a crazy man, you've got all that extra strength."

But it takes more than amateur yoga lessons and Tibetan bells to make the greatest shot-putter the world has ever seen. It has taken Parry O'Brien seven years of hard, unremitting work. Some days he does as many as 150 practice heaves. "I don't quit until my hands are bleeding," he says, "and that's the god's truth." Witness he works daily with 60-pound dumbbells and the 325-pound barbell.

An All-State high school end and champion shot-putter, Parry had often been about 20 colleges, but finally chose Southern California because it was a track powerhouse. He played some very hot freshman football there and learned a lot about shot-putting from Jess Mortensen, the USC track coach; by the end of freshman track season he was heaving the 16-pounder almost 54 feet while the varsity wasn't

doing 54. That summer a huddle was gone into around Parry O'Brien by his friends, elders and mentors. They pointed out to him that he might become an All-American end or a shot-putting champion, but he couldn't become both. It was a friend of his father's, Wilbur (Moose) Thompson, the 1948 Olympic shot-put winner, who finally made up his mind for him by describing the opportunities for foreign travel open to the stars of track and field. Moose's clincher came in the form of a question which he answered himself. "Where do All-American ends travel to?" Moose asked. "To the Rose Bowl, and you're here already."

So Parry dropped football and went traveling. Thus far he has visited Finland, Sweden, Germany, France, England, Scotland, Ireland, Norway and Israel. Parry has a great interest in languages and, before going abroad, he studied the languages of the countries he is headed for. When he went to Israel, for instance, he already had mastered enough Hebrew to carry on simple conversations and while there he picked up quite a bit more.

PARRY'S NEW TRICK

It was in Germany in 1951 that O'Brien was able to give the shot-putting form he had invented its first thorough tryout. No coaches had taken any stock in the new technique, but the inventor slaved over it indoors all that winter and unveiled it in the U.S. in 1952. The results were immediately noticeable. Before adopting it, Parry had never done 54 feet; his 1952 heaves occasionally were going over 57 and won him a place on the Olympic team.

For a big-time athlete, O'Brien is a pretty unusual young man all around. Although at college he majored in commercial aviation (graduating with a B average), he also studied interpretative literature, and not only learned to love poetry, committing many great poems to memory, but became something of a poet himself. "At home I run around with a bunch of semi-intellectual friends," Parry says.

O'Brien is not decided on what comes next. He wants to see Australia, and it is almost inconceivable that he shouldn't get there as an Olympic team member. Would any shot-putter ever hit 65 feet? Lieutenant O'Brien considered the problem—which may, conceivably, have crossed his mind before—for a few grave moments. "It is not impossible," he said carefully, "for the human body to propel a 16-pound metal object 65 feet. But nobody's put it 62 feet yet." (ENR)



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March 18 through March 27

4

FRIDAY, MARCH 18

Basketball

Baltimore vs. Washington, Daytona Beach, Fla.
Chicago (N) vs. Cleveland B, Mesa, Ariz.
Cincinnati vs. Boston, Tampa, Fla.
Kansas City vs. New York (A), W. Palm Beach, Fla.
New York (N) vs. Cleveland, Las Vegas, Nev.
Philadelphia vs. Detroit, Clearwater, Fla.
Pittsburgh vs. Milwaukee, Ft. Myers, Fla.
St. Louis vs. Chicago (A), St. Petersburg, Fla.

Baseball

NCAA semi-finals, Municipal Stad., Kansas City.

Bowling

Natl. Duck Pin Bowling Congress all-star tournament begins, Washington, D.C.

Boxing

● Carmelo Costa vs. Joey Lopez, featherweights, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC)
● Archie Moore vs. Frankie Danieles, heavyweights, San Diego (10 rds.)

Skating

American lnt'l. championships, Stone, Vt.

SATURDAY, MARCH 19

Basketball

Brooklyn vs. New York (A), Miami (Night).
Chicago (N) vs. Hollywood, West, Ariz.
Chicago (A) vs. Philadelphia, Tampa, Fla.
Detroit vs. Boston, Lakeland, Fla.
Milwaukee vs. Cincinnati, Bendona, Fla.
New York (N) vs. Cleveland, Los Angeles.
St. Louis vs. Pittsburgh, St. Petersburg, Fla.
Washington vs. Kansas City, Orlando, Fla.

Baseball

● NIT final, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y., 7-30 p.m., (Mutual) (not blacked)
NCAA final, Municipal Stad., Kansas City.

Court Tennis

International championships, Racquet & Tennis Club, New York.

Handball

Natl. or 4-wall championships, Los Angeles.

Hockey

Montreal vs. New York, Montreal.
Toronto vs. Chicago, Toronto.

Horse Racing

Calumet Pk. Handicap, \$50,000, 1 1/4 m., 5-year-olds up, Culberson Pa., Maryland, Fla.
Barbours Pitches Handicap, \$25,000, 7 f., 3-year-olds up, Dover, Md.

Polo

Natl. 12-goal tournament, Squad A Remory, N.Y.

Steeplechasing

Stoneybrook Races, Southern Pines, N.C.

SUNDAY, MARCH 20

Auto Racing

Sylvania Grand Prix, Formula 1, Sicily.
SCCA nat'l. meet, Greenville, Fla.

Baseball

Baltimore vs. Kansas City, Daytona Beach, Fla.
Boston vs. Detroit, Sarasota, Fla.
Brooklyn vs. New York (A), Miami (Night).
Chicago (A) vs. Cincinnati, Tampa, Fla.
Chicago (N) vs. Hollywood, Mesa, Ariz.
New York (N) vs. Cleveland, Los Angeles.
Philadelphia vs. Pittsburgh B, Ft. Myers, Fla.
St. Louis vs. Milwaukee, St. Petersburg, Fla.
Washington vs. Pittsburgh, Orlando, Fla.

Hockey

Boston vs. Chicago, Boston.
Detroit vs. Montreal, Detroit.
New York vs. Toronto, New York.

MONDAY, MARCH 21

Baseball

Brooklyn vs. New York (A), Daytona Beach, Fla.
Cincinnati vs. Pittsburgh, Tampa, Fla.
Detroit vs. Baltimore, Lakeland, Fla.
Milwaukee vs. Chicago (A), Bradenton, Fla.
New York (N) vs. Cincinnati, Phoenix, Ariz.
Pittsburgh vs. Cincinnati, Tampa, Fla.
St. Louis vs. Philadelphia, St. Petersburg, Fla.

Baseball

Natl. AAU tournament begins, Denver.

Boxing

● Klyde Butts vs. Joe Rowan, heavyweights, Elton Pavy, Brooklyn, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC) (not blacked)
● Ralph Marston vs. Jackie La Rue, middleweights, St. Nick's, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (De Mont)
Maurice Harper vs. Luis Misch, welterweights, San Francisco (10 rds.)

Golf

American int'l. championship, St. Augustine, Fla.
Seminole Pro-Amateur, Palm Beach, Fla.

Tennis

Natl. women's indoor championships, Longwood Bowl, Chestnut Hill, Mass.

TUESDAY, MARCH 22

Baseball

Baltimore vs. Detroit, Daytona Beach, Fla.
Boston vs. Pittsburgh, Sarasota, Fla.
Cleveland vs. Chicago (N), Tucson, Ariz.
Atlanta City vs. Brooklyn B, W. Palm Beach, Fla.
Philadelphia vs. Milwaukee, Clearwater, Fla.
St. Louis vs. Cincinnati, St. Petersburg, Fla.
Washington vs. Brooklyn, Orlando, Fla.

Boxing

George Jackson vs. Earl Foster, middleweights, Ogden, Utah (10 rds.)

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23

Baseball

All-England championships begin, London.

Baseball

Boston vs. St. Louis, Sarasota, Fla.
Brooklyn vs. Kansas City, West Beach, Fla.
Cincinnati vs. Detroit, Tampa, Fla.
Cleveland vs. New York (N), Tucson, Ariz.
Milwaukee vs. Philadelphia, Bradenton, Fla.
New York (A) vs. Washington, St. Petersburg, Fla.
Pittsburgh vs. Chicago (A), Ft. Myers, Fla.

Boxing

● Joey Guadalupe vs. Al Andrews, middleweights, Chicago Stad. (12 rds.), 10 p.m. (CBS)

THURSDAY, MARCH 24

Baseball

Boston vs. Cincinnati, Sarasota, Fla.
Chicago (A) vs. St. Louis, Tampa, Fla.
Chicago (N) vs. Cleveland, Mesa, Ariz.
Kansas City vs. Baltimore, W. Palm Beach, Fla.
Milwaukee vs. Brooklyn B, Bradenton, Fla.
New York (A) vs. Detroit, St. Petersburg, Fla.
Philadelphia vs. Washington, Clearwater, Fla.
Pittsburgh vs. Brooklyn, Ft. Myers, Fla.

Baseball

Natl. Biddy Tournament, Burlington, N.Y.

Boxing

Cico Andrade vs. Luara Sofia, lightweights, Los Angeles (10 rds.)

Field Tails

Stard Nat'l. Grouse Championships, Massville, Pa.

Golf

Miami Beach Open.

Swimming

NCAA championships, Miami U., Oxford, Ohio.

Wrestling

NCAA championship, Cornell U., Ithaca, N.Y.

FRIDAY, MARCH 25

Baseball

Atlanta vs. Milwaukee, Atlanta, Ga. (Night).
Cincinnati vs. Washington, Tampa, Fla.
Detroit vs. Chicago (A), Lakeland, Fla.
Kansas City vs. Baltimore, W. Palm Beach, Fla.
New York (A) vs. Brooklyn, St. Petersburg, Fla.
New York (N) vs. Chicago (N), Phoenix, Ariz.
Philadelphia vs. St. Louis, Clearwater, Fla.
Pittsburgh vs. Boston, Ft. Myers, Fla.
San Francisco vs. Cleveland, San Francisco (Night)

Boxing

● Bob Baker vs. Iyle Medonet, heavyweights, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC)

Canoeing

NCAA championships, E. Lansing, Mich.

Track & Field

K of C Games, Cleveland.

SATURDAY, MARCH 26

Baseball

Atlanta vs. Milwaukee, Atlanta, Ga.
Boston vs. Chicago (A), Sarasota, Fla.
Chicago (N) vs. New York (N), Mesa, Ariz.
Cincinnati vs. Brooklyn, Tampa, Fla.
Detroit vs. Washington, Lakeland, Fla.
New York (A) vs. St. Louis, St. Petersburg, Fla.
Philadelphia vs. Baltimore, Clearwater, Fla.
Pittsburgh vs. Kansas City, Ft. Myers, Fla.
San Francisco vs. Cleveland, Oakland, Calif.

Baseball

East-West College All-Star game, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y.

Bowling

ABC tournament begins, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Natl. Duck Pin tournament begins, Pawtucket, R.I.

Field Tails

Western Open Classic, Weiden Spring, Mo.

Horse Racing

● Florida Derby, \$100,000, 1 1/4 m., 5-year-olds, Gulfstream Pk., Hollywood, Fla., 4-30 p.m. (CBS)
Southern Maryland Handicap, \$15,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-year-olds up, Bowie, Md.
Grand Nat'l. Steeplechase, 4 m., \$55,000 (30 jumps), Aintree, Liverpool, England.

Pen American Games

Closing day ceremonies, Mexico City.

Racing

Cambridge vs. Oxford, Thames R., Putney, England

Skating

Warman Cup invitational, Sun Valley, Idaho.

Tack & Field

Chicago Daily News Relay, Chicago.
Colorado Invitational indoor meet, Boulder, Col.

SUNDAY, MARCH 27

Baseball

Atlanta vs. Milwaukee, Atlanta.
Boston vs. Kansas City, Sarasota, Fla.
Chicago (A) vs. Brooklyn, Tampa, Fla.
New York (N) vs. Chicago (N), Phoenix, Ariz.
Philadelphia vs. Cincinnati, Clearwater, Fla.
Pittsburgh vs. Baltimore, Ft. Myers, Fla.
St. Louis vs. New York (A), St. Petersburg, Fla.
San Francisco vs. Cleveland, San Francisco.
Washington vs. Detroit, Orlando, Fla.

RECORD BREAKERS

● Tom Courtney of Fordham raced half-mile in 1:32.6, fastest time ever recorded for distance on flat board track, set new meet record in Pioneer Club games at New York. ● **Aldon, Louis B. Mayer's** golfing, streaked rifle-and-quarter on green in 1:58 4/5 in \$33,350 Carmine Neal Handicap, bettered unofficial American mark by 1/2 seconds at Santa Anita, Calif. ● **Jehony Langdon** boosted horse Boreen in \$28,250 Santa Barbara Handicap, was ahead Aldon, scored 10th and 11th

Santa Anita stakes victories, broke old mark of nine by Eddie Arcare in 1932. ● **Richard S. Ferguson**, enterprising side-diving enthusiast, outfitted self in stylish rubber frogman suit, consumed 19 tanks of compressed air, stayed underwater 24 hours, 55 minutes, established new submergence record in New York. ● **Bill Cleary**, sure-handed Harvard rower, scored five goals in NCAA hockey tournament at Colorado Springs, Colo., and raised season's total to 39 points for all-time college standard.

BASKETBALL

La Salle, led by brilliant play of All-American **Tam Gale**, powered past West Virginia in 95-61, Princeton 72-44, **Casillas** 99-64, twice broke NCAA tournament scoring records. **Georgetown Gale** scored 76 points in three games, clinched sensational play with 33 points, 25 rebounds against **Casillas** at Philadelphia.

Jawa, beaten by Michigan 74-36 in final Big 10 game, remained winning force, out-clasped Penn State 80-53, put down desperate last-ditch **Manzanera** rally, polished off **Warriors** 66-61 at Evanston, Ill., prepared to meet **La Salle** in NCAA semifinals March 18 at Kansas City. **Bill Logan** topped **Howeys** with 33 points.

San Francisco, nation's No. 1 team, crushed past West Texas 68-66, ousted Utah 76-59, outlasted powerful Oregon State 57-56, won NCAA Western playoff at Corvallis, Ore. **Bill Hill Hassell** (6 feet 3 1/2 inches) outplayed bigger **Wade (Ruede)** **Halfback** (7 feet 3 inches) in final game, scored 29 points.

Colorado outplayed **Texas** 68-58, swept past **Georgia** **Bradley** 82-61 at Manhattan, Kan., won Atlantic Coast of meeting **San Francisco** in other NCAA semi-final.

Utah, eliminated by **San Francisco**, crushed Seattle 108-43 in Western conference, won NCAA tournament semifinal.

NIT opened in New York's Madison Square Garden with St. Louis outstripping Connecticut 110-90 for top championship record. **Niagara** controlled boards, dented **Lafayette** 61-70, ended **Lafayette** 21-game streak. **St. Francis of Lafayette, Pa.** got superb 29-point performance from **Maurice Stokes**, defeated **Syracuse** 89-79. **Lehighville** overpowered **Manhattan** 91-66.

Princeton rebounded tremendous comeback, trounced **Iowa** 78-69 to earn triple tie with **Penn and Columbia** for Ivy League title, then took crown with 86-69 win over **Lions**, who dented **Penn** 73-71 in first playoff game.

NBA playoffs began this week with second place N. Y. **Knicks** backers meeting third-place **Boston Celtics** in Eastern Division two-out-of-three series, **Minneapolis Lakers** facing **Rochester Royals** in Western Division, winners to meet first-place **Syracuse Nationals** and Ft. Wayne **Pistons**.

PAN AMERICAN GAMES

Argentina won two gold medals, U.S. won in opening track and field events at Mexico City. **Bernard Wyatt** and **Ernie Shellas** of U.S. leaped record-breaking 6 feet 2 inches, tied for first in high jump; **Argentina's** **Oswaldo Suarez** won 100-meter sprint, **Ingemar Holmér** tossed discs 141 feet 8 1/2 inches for new record.

Mrs. Maxine Mitchell of Los Angeles

took women's folk title; **Bantamweight** **Charles Vinci** of York, Pa. shed 600 pounds in prep. match, clean-and-jerk, sent U.S. into lead in weightlifting. U.S. also defeated Mexico 3-1 in baseball opener, Brazil 52-45 in women's basketball.

BOXING

Real (Ramon) **Marina**, scotch, hard-hitting little Mexican, blasted **Charmen Songkral** to canvas four times with fast left hooks, breaking rights, stopped **Thailand** in 11th round, won NBA version of "world" bantamweight championship (except in California) at San Francisco.

Carl (Babe) **Olsen**, busy middleweight champion, overwhelmed **Willie Vaughn** of Los Angeles with changing body blows in early rounds, shifted two-footed attack to head in eighth, won easy 10-round decision in mainline bout at Hollywood, Calif.

Earl Wals, Canadian heavyweight titleholder, battled through 12 hard rounds with **James J. Parker** of Paterson, N.J., was satisfied with draw after erring announcer gave fight and crown to **Parker**, then admitted referee and judges' ranks added up to stalemate at Toronto.

Maryland won four out of five bouts, called to edge **Syracuse** 36-45 for Eastern Intercollegiate basketball College Park, Md.

AUTO RACING

Briggs Cunningham's British **Jaguar "D"**, with **Mike Hawthorn** of England and **Phil Walters** of W. Palm Beach, Fla. at the wheel, was declared provisional winner of scheduled 12-hour Grand Prix of Endurance at Sebring, Fla., pending decision on protest lodged by **Alfonso Gálvez** of Dallas, whose Ferrari was placed second by embarrassed AAA officials.

TENNIS

Beverly Baker Flota, andishestresser, hard-hitting stylist from Long Beach, Calif., celebrated 27th birthday, dented **Louise Brough** 6-6, 3-6, 6-2, won La Jolla invitation, became potential successor to retired **Margaret (Little Mo) Casperson** who withdrew from same tournament.

TRACK AND FIELD

Wes Santee made last start before Pan American games, lapped one runner, breezed home in 4:08.6 mile at **Midnight** **James** games, the **Woodson** of **Illinois** came up with new-best performance, won 50-yard high hurdles in 0:36.1.

Joe Gaffney of Philadelphia's **Shanahan Catholic Club** ran off with **Borison** 600 in 1:12.6 in Pioneer Club meet at New York, was co-dominant in Tom Courtney's record-breaking 1:32.6 half-mile. **Andy Stanfield**, Olympic 300-meter champion, won 60-yard dash in 0:06.5.

HOCKEY

Michigan outlasted, overhauled **Colorado College** 3-3 in rough game which saw 19 penalties handed out, 47 saves by stars **Wolverine** **Gaule Larue Howe**, took NCAA championship at Colorado Springs, Colo. **Harvard's** Ivy League winners came from behind on three goals by **Bill Cleary**, beat St. Lawrence 6-3 in consolation match.

Detroit Red Wings edged **Chicago** 3-2, dented **Toronto** 6-1, remained red-hot **Montreal Canadiens** as **National Hockey League** race headed into final week and **Stanley Cup** playoffs. **Perry**, hot-tempered **Maurice (Rocket)** **Richard** of **Montreal** erupted as **Canadians** lost to **Boston** 4-2, struck **Livermore Cliff Thompson**, was given match penalty, \$200 fine, possible suspension.

HORSE RACING

Harmon Patrol, dashing 15c Oak Farm favorite, made to **Jersey Doug Hudson's** whip in stretch, outgassed **Speed Roamer** to win by four lengths in \$48,000 **Longford Derby**, closing feature at Fair Grounds in New Orleans.

Boreen sprang into lead at start, stayed there for full mile-and-sixteenth, won \$28,250 **Santa Barbara Handicap** by length-and-a-half in 1:41 for **Johnny Johnson Longdon's** 10th stakes victory and new riding record, later stretched to 11, at Santa Anita, Calif.

GOLF

Mrs. Grace DeMoss Smith of Miami grabbed lead on eighth hole, went on to whip **Barton Bonmark**, national amateur titleholder from Sacramento, Calif., 4 and 3 in Florida East Coast final at St. Augustine.

Patty Berg, veteran St. Andrews, Ill. shooter, scored **Augusta (Ga.) Country Club** course in 291 for 72 holes, broke tournament record for two strokes, took sixth women's titleholder championship.

SWIMMING

Pitt captured four first places, piled up 63 points, easily won fourth straight **Eastern College** swim championship at New Brunswick, N.J.

Yale was forced to back to **Harvard**, won final event, 400-yard freestyle relay, owed out **Canals** 14-40 for 177th consecutive win; victory and **Eastern Intercollegiate** title at **Cambridge, Mass.**

Texas scored heavily in distance events, swept first four places in 400-yard freestyle, outswam **Texas A&M**, captured **Southwest Conference** title.

FENCING

Carew's **Jim Brown** defeated **Colombia's** **Barry Parker** in saber, gave Big Red 70-

continued on next page

AL SCHACHT

(continued from page 22)

1920, Walter Johnson, the finest pitcher who ever lived, pitched his only no-hit game.

Griffith decided to profit by the no-hitter and advertised that Walter, a tremendous favorite in Washington anyway, would pitch against the Yankees in the big Fourth of July doubleheader. At that time 10,000 at a Washington ball game was a terrific crowd. This day, the biggest crowd of the year turned out—18,000 people.

But just before game time, Griff called the team into the clubhouse, and he looked grim. "Johnson can't pitch," he said sadly.

Griff reminded us of another time this had happened and the fans demanded their money back.

"Men, I'm in a desperate spot—and so is the pitcher who has to take Johnson's place. Who wants the ball?" Griff always flipped the ball to the man who was going to pitch that day.

The room was silent. Nobody stirred. Just the breathing. Then a voice shattered the stillness: "I'll pitch it, Griff." The voice was mine.

Everybody was startled, including me. Griff came over and handed me a ball and, gripping my shoulder, said, "If you win this game, Al, as long as I have anything to say about this ball club you'll have a job with me."

FALSE CREDENTIALS

The Yankees had begun to build their "Murderers' Row" reputation, with hitters like Babe Ruth, Bob Meusel, Duffy Lewis, Wally Pipp, Ping Bodie—and the crowd was electric. It was 28 minutes until game time when I began unlimbering near home plate. There was no reaction from the crowd at first; but when 10 minutes went by and they still didn't see Johnson, an angry murmur started running through the stands. Then the announcer was on the center of the diamond with his huge megaphone:

"The batteries! . . . For New York, Shawkey pitching and Ruel catching. . . . For Washington, Schacht pitching and . . ."

He never did announce our catcher. The crowd let loose a thunderous "BOOOOOO!" And the pop bottles and seat cushions started flying—at me. I raced into the dugout and under the stands to complete my warm-up. After the field had been cleared, I sneaked out to the mound without being skulked and I can't say I blamed them for jeering.

The Yanks' leadoff batter walked on four straight balls. Now the bottles and cushions really flew. The fans must have been just warming up the first time, because now they were throwing better than I was. It took 15 minutes to clear the field again.

But I held off the Yankees for three innings, and going into the fourth we led 2-0. Then the Yanks filled the bases with only one out. Up stepped Babe Ruth—and I struck him out on three pitches. Next was Duffy Lewis, and I got him. As I walked to the dugout, one lonely fan applauded. It must have been my brother. I staggered through the ninth, and we'd won, 4-1. Now the crowd was standing, cheering me.

The Washington players went wild, as though we'd won the World Series. Griffith dashed into the clubhouse laughing deliciously, and he threw his arms around me and cried: "Al, I don't care if you don't win another game the rest of the season!"

And I got news for you, I didn't.

A few days later, against Detroit, I slid into second head first. Shortstop Dottie Bush crashed down heavily on me—and when I tried to pitch the next inning, it was like two horses rubbing together. And that, with a few brief apertures, ended my playing days.

Even so, I had a great time at Washington, and later, because of the July 1 game, came back to coach for 12 years, including Washington's 1924 world championship and 1925 pennant winners.

But my greatest pleasure was knowing Walter Johnson.

Johnson had originally come from a farm in Kansas; and he died on a farm in 1945. The fact is, the big guy was a hick all his life, but a wonderful hick. They say that when he reported to Washington, all 6-foot-2 and 190 pounds of him, he wore a tweedy suit two sizes too small, a derby hat also too small, and carried a paper bag containing only spiked shoes and a supporter. The scouts had said he was the fastest pitcher they had ever seen, and he was sent out to pitch right away. He lost, 2-1, when the other team drove him crazy with bunts. He'd never seen a bunt before.

But could he pitch? He threw sort of sidearm-underhand and had only one kind of pitch, his fast ball. Batters claim that if a pitcher keeps throwing the same pitch over and over, sooner or later they'll catch up to him. You couldn't prove it by Johnson. He didn't mix 'em up, had no curve ball or slow changeup, so trick delivery like a spit ball or mad ball, just the fast ball. And he'd still hang it past them.

"GRANDMA'S SINKING FAST"

It's a good thing Walter had fine control. For if he'd been scatterbrained, I doubt if anybody would have showed up to hit against him. On dark, cloudy days, his fast ball was almost invisible. It was remarkable how many grand-

(continued on page 22)



CLEOPATRA'S BARGE was more splendid but never more bizarre than taken off

on 1920's names. Al took, left, and Schacht, when turned to "The artist" for material.



FACE OF THE COMIC. Nick Atrock in 1913, a year after split with Schacht. A great manager, he was game's early A.L.



'CUBBIN' BATTERY. "John and Earl, together here for 1910s-slash game, never once but compiled many-dea record."

AL SCHACHT *(continued from page 41)*

mothers got sick on days Walter was due to pitch.

For all his power, Johnson sometimes would loaf. If he had a club down by two or more runs, and a batter facing him happened to be in a slump, Walter would often lay a pitch right down the middle so the guy might connect.

Johnson never smoked or drank, and his only pick-me-up was an ice cream soda. Quiet and retiring, he never swore. The strongest language I ever heard him use, in fact, was after his no-hit game in 1928. In the clubhouse later, we noisily congratulated Walter and cried "Speech!"

Those were Walter's words: "Goodness gracious makes alive, wasn't I lucky!"

After catcher Muddy Ruel came to Washington, we had the "cussin' out battery" in baseball." Ruel's worst was "doggies it?"

When Griff signed me as third base coach in 1924, the Senators were flourishing in seventh place. Attendance was bad, and the sheriff was hanging around the front door. But suddenly the club got hot. We swept a series in Philadelphia, then blazed through the West. In two weeks we were smiling at first place, and Washington was going wild. In July we went to New York for a crucial series.

The Yankee pitchers never hesitated to throw at you. As we fled onto the field before the first game, one of their

pitchers yelled, "You guys better stay loose at bat. Every one of you is gonna' down today!" He wasn't kidding. Our leadoff man, Joe Judge, hit the dirt on Bob Shawkey's first pitch and so did Sam Rice, next man up. With two out, Bucky Harris, then only 27 but in his first year as playing manager of the club, stepped up, eyes blazing.

He dropped a bunt along the first base line and was safe. On the next pitch, he lit out for second and threw himself at Shortstop Damon Scott, his spikes flying. Scott jumped away and Harris was safe.

"What are you tryin' to do, ruin me?" Scott cried.

"You guys wanna play dirty," Bucky snarled, "we can do the same."

Moments later, Harris scored on a base hit. When the side was out, Babe Ruth, running in from right field, bimed at Bucky. "Wait'll I get on base. I'm coming down to second, and I'll cut your legs off!"

"I'll see you get on," Harris snapped, "and I'll be waiting for you."

With two out and Ruth up, Bucky shouted to our pitcher, Tom Zachary, "Put the monkey on!" Ruth got an intentional pass. The next pitch, The Babe started for second like a runaway freight. Harris raced to take the catcher's throw. Ruth hurtled through the air to give Bucky the business—but Bucky gave him the old basketball hip and dangled if the next thing you know Ruth wasn't rolling toward center field. The Babe picked himself up, shaking

with rage. Harris stood by second base with the baseball tight in his fist. Ruth hesitated, then, smiling a little, walked to his position in right field.

PIST REBURNING

That was the turning point in one of the greatest pennant fights the American League ever had. There was hardly ever more than two games' difference between the Yanks and us as the season rolled into August. Then the Yanks came to Washington, and they were hot, particularly Ruth. So Harris got a brainstorm.

The secretary of the Polish legation in the capital, a baseball fanatic, was having a party and Ruth, Goose Goslin and I were invited. There was a doubleheader next day and Harris ordered Goslin and me to attend. "Keep Ruth out real late," he said, "and we win tomorrow."

The party was swell. I kept plying Ruth with champagne, and he swizzled it down like soda pop. By 3 a.m. Goose and I were in terrible shape but the Babe was only yawning up.

A subtle shade of light green, Goose moaned, "I'm dead. Let's blow."

"O.K.," I said, "Babe won't make it out of the dugout tomorrow."

Before leaving, I reminded Ruth that he and I had an appointment early that morning to visit war veterans at Walter Reed Hospital. At about 8 a.m. Babe pulled into my hotel to pick me up. His eyes were buggy, but he seemed steady. "I just left the h-



CUSCIN' MANAGER. John McGraw, whose great words are famed in baseball lore, was "varnished and combed" by Schacht.



FACE OF MAGNATE. Clark Griffith of Senators, who honored word, gave Schacht job in return for brilliantly pitched game.

gation," he grumbled. "Well, let's go to the hospital and get this over with." We talked with the vets until 11:30, then talked to the hall park. There, Ruth downed three franks and a coke. He still hadn't slept a wink. Harris was the picture of sly contentment.

The Reds slammed two home runs and a single in the first game and another homer and pair of doubles in the second to personally pin our ears back twice. Ruth should have gone to bed.

We saw the postcard in the last week of the season. The Series against the Giants that followed was the most exciting I've ever seen, and I've watched 37 of them. Both teams won three games apiece and the first went into the ninth tied 3-3 when Harris brought in Johnson. Johnson pitched out of jams in the ninth and 12th and then in the last of the 12th the fates decided to toss in with us.

Ruel, whose running was not exactly his most startling trait, was on second and it would take at least a long single to bring him in. Instead, Earl McNelly hit a routine bouncer to third. Ruel came chugging down and would have been out a mile but the ball suddenly took a crazy hop over Freddie Lindstrom's head and rolled into left field. I waved like mad and Ruel puffed in with the winning run and the world championship. It wasn't great baseball, but it was glorious and Washington loved it.

I had always been known as something of a clown around the big leagues,

but as I grew more inactive as a player I began to spend more time working on routines to amuse the boys and the fans. Nick Atrock was with Washington when I came in as a rookie. A natural maggot, his spontaneous wit and my planned pantomime went together naturally, and quickly we became a team.

Oddly enough, we almost missed our first big assignment. It was 1922 and we had been invited to entertain before the games of the Glance-Yankees World Series.

THE BIG BREAK

Excited as school kids, Nick and I entered the Polo Grounds' clubhouse and Miller Huggins, the Yankee manager, blew his top. "No sir!" he roared. "There'll be no clowning if I have anything to say about it!" We didn't know what to do. Then Giant Manager John McGraw came along. "Hell," he said, "if the Yankees won't hire you, consider yourselves hired by the Giants."

I wore a battered top hat and tailcoat over a baseball uniform—my clowning costume from then on. Atrock and I did a burlesque prize fight, a pantomime tight wire walk and a "band concert" in which I directed the 71st Regiment band. During infield practice, Atrock got on first base and I on third, and we played ground balls and popups like drunken sailors. Our feature stunt was a burlesque of Ruth St. Denis' *Druth Dance*—she was a popular dancer whose big number was

a dramatic dance with a live snake—with me taking the part of Ruth St. Denis and Atrock my slave. It was probably corny, but the papers carried glowing reports and Nick and I were on our way.

By 1934, after 26 years in baseball, I had quit playing for good and was clowning in earnest. The next five years were crammed with excitement, laughter, satisfaction and less—think the Lord—disappointments. I don't think I'd been so happy since I was a kid playing ball in the sandlots. Bookings were slow in 1947, but in 1948 I covered 121 cities in 125 days, coast to coast. During one stretch, I worked 89 different ball parks in 89 days, never even tanned out once.

Whatever happened, I always had more fun than anybody. Which reminds me of my mother's reaction to all this. Mom had never seen me play, but one day a rabbi, who visited her for tea occasionally, asked what I did.

"My son, he throws a ball and a fellow with a stick hits the ball and he runs. And somebody far out in the meadow chases the ball. Then my son will throw the ball until nobody can hit it anymore. . . . And it takes him three hours to stop the other fellows from hitting the ball. . . ."

The rabbi listened patiently, a frown spreading on his face. When he finished, he sighed, "From that she makes a living?"

Not only a living, but I've had fun, too. (END)

YESTERDAY



GREAT DAYS FOR THE IRISH

When Irish-Americans were busily breaking each other's track and field records a good time was had by everybody



PADDY RYAN'S RECORD LASTED 25 YEARS

PAT (BASE) McDONALD THREW WITH HEART, SOUL AND A VERY CONSIDERABLE BULK



Certain robust gentlemen with a bit of a brogue about them were the talk of the American sporting world at the turn of the century, for at that time Irish-American athletes dominated a large section of the sports world. But in none were they stronger than in track and field. Here they broke one another's records with light-hearted abandon. They ran, jumped and threw each other ragged and exhausted. After the dust had more or less settled in 1915, a startling fact emerged: for the preceding 20 years Irish or Irish-Americans held world records in about a dozen standard track and field events.

Mike Sweeney developed the high-jumping form which later was modified into the Eastern style. With it he set a world record of 6 feet 5½ inches which was not beaten until 15 years later, when the extreme layout of the Western roll was introduced.

In the sprints the Irish-Americans had their own swift way from about 1895 to 1915. Bernie Wefers of Georgetown became the first consistent 9.8 man (or 9½ as it was then listed). Another great Georgetown lad, Arthur Duffey, in 1902 made an unquestioned 9.6 at the Intercollegiate in New York. Duffey's record was erased when it was reported that he had professionalized himself prior to making it. But his time was unbeaten for 27 years—until 10th-second watches were put in use and 9.6 became a possibility.

Half-mile competition produced a star in Charles H. Kilpatrick of Union College, who set a world mark of 1:58.4 in 1896 that stood until 1908. On the



TIM AHEARNE WON IN THE 1908 OLYMPICS



MARTIN SHERIDAN SET NEW DISCUS MARK



JOHN FLANAGAN WAS VERSATILE TOSSEY

day that Kilpatrick made his mark, Tommy Connell, an Irish-born Bostonian, set the world amateur mile mark at 4:15.6. No one bettered it until 19 years later.

Starting in the hop, step and jump were Irish-born American brothers, Tim and Dan Ahearne. Tim won in the 1908 Olympics and Dan set the world record at 50 feet, 11 inches in 1911.

The Irish really excelled when it came to hurling assorted hardware. The genial Whales of the Irish-American A.A.U. included such huge ones as John Flanagan, Matt McGrath, Pat Ryan and Pat (Babe) McDonald plus a

streamlined specimen, Martin Sheridan. The Whales held scores of American and world records in the weight events. Flanagan and McGrath took turns upping the hammer throw record until McGrath reached 187 feet, 4 inches in 1911. Two years later Ryan made a throw of 189 feet, 6½ inches which stood as a world record for 26 years and as an American record until 1968—one of the oldest in the books.

The Whales also made sport of the 56-pound weight, which they alternately tossed for record distances. Flanagan, McGrath, McDonald and Ryan all made marks of over 38 feet

in A.A.U. championships and McGrath set the world record at 40 feet, 6 inches in 1911. McDonald won his first 56-pound championship in 1915—and his last in 1933. He switched to the shot-put to win the 1912 Olympics.

Sheridan, the streamlined Whale, was the first man in the world to throw the discus more than 130 feet. And a little fellow named Johnny Hayes further distinguished the Irish-American A.C. by winning the marathon in the 1908 Olympics.

The annals of track and field were never greater than during these great days of the Irish. E. W. H.



BERNIE WEFERS SPRINTED THE 100 IN 9.2



MATT MCGRATH SET NEW HAMMER MARK



JOHNNY HAYES WON OLYMPIC MARATHON

classification, the 3.1-liter Jaguar was faster than five Ferraris. Of course, these Ferraris were sports cars—not Grand Prix racing cars.

I bring this to your attention—not only because I think that you should, in all fairness to Jaguar, print a correction; but because I think it is important to SI that you do so. Admittedly, the number of people in this country who know the difference between a Grand Prix racing car and a sports car is small. However, those of them who do will lose confidence in your editors, and this is a shame, because they have done an outstanding job. More important is the fact that the whole philosophy of SI seems to be that of educating the uninitiated. You even got me to read an article on erikets— and I must admit that for the first time I feel I know something about the game—and this after having lived in England for three years.

LEWIS F. OSER

New York



THE WINNER: D-TYPE JAGUAR

● SI was mistaken in implying in a caption that the Grand Prix Ferrari raced in the same class as the D-Type Jaguar, which was the Unlimited Displacement Class.—ED.

MORE FLAMINGOS

Sir:

I enjoyed reading the article on the colony of flamingos very much.

The threatened status of these birds is very effectively presented, as well as the very interesting habits, both of which should aid the efforts of conservationists in trying to protect and increase the numbers for more to enjoy.

NORMAN A. FROELIC
Chairman, Department of Biology
Northern Illinois University

Rosier

I AM A BABY FAN

Sir:

I have just finished reading your Feb. 29th issue and was particularly impressed by the articles on winter baseball and pro basketball. I find that the main reason for my liking SI so much are that the stories are short and concise, accompanied by many fine illustrations, and that you cover those sports that are off the "beaten track."

I am a rabid fan of baseball, basketball and football, but I was getting tired of reading only about these sports and nothing about those which are popular with participants. In other words, SI has done a wonderful job in seeking the enthusiasm of all sports and providing excellent reading for those whose favorite sport is not featured in that particular issue. . . .

ROBERT ROOS

Lehman, N.Y.

SUCH IS MEMORY LANE!

Sir:

I have just finished reading the account of the fight between Jack Johnson and Stanley Ketchel in your Oct. 19th issue, which was recently sent to me.

It made me take a long trip down Memory Lane to another Jack Johnson fight in Paris—one which, as the youngest cub correspondent in the A.P. office, I cubbed. Two things made this fight memorable. It was the first time the N.Y. cable desk gave me a "by-line" in 1,699 newspapers. The second is quite a yarn.

The fight was held on a Saturday night, June 27, 1914, at the culmination of "La Grand Semaine." Jack won by a KO in the tenth round, but was pretty well carved up. In his dressing room after the fight Jack asked me to come out to his house at Asnières and have Sunday dinner with him and his wife—a quiet, blonde-haired, white girl. I tried diplomatically to beg off because I had a ticket to the Grand Prix at Longchamps. No soap! I went, relaxed every round, ate fried chicken. In the afternoon I left and took the suburban train back to the Gare St. Lazare, where I bought a late afternoon paper to find out whether the hangtail I had my two golden Louis on had won. Imagine my surprise to read that four columns on page one, instead of reporting the Grand Prix, were taken up by the assassination of an insignificant Crown Prince in a little town in the Balkans called Sarajevo. It was important news, it seemed, because Poincaré had left the Presidential Box at Longchamps even before the running of the Grand Prix, and had returned to the Elysée Palace to call a council of ministers! There was even talk of war. How absurd!

As I walked up the Champs Elysées the Sunday crowds were not striding along as usual, but were gathered into knots discussing the murder of the Prince. "The scintilla French," I thought. But six weeks later, when this tiny cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, had developed into a worldwide thunderbolt with "Méditerranée Générale des Armées de Terre et de Mer." I looked back with longing to the quiet peaceful Sunday, munching fried chicken with Black Jack in his green garb at Asnières. Such is Memory Lane!

PHILIP KERIN
Executive Vice-president
Wirtman, Barton & Speck, Inc.

New York

P.S. My hangtail came in last!

I TOOK ADVANTAGE OF YOU

Sir:

I'm writing this letter to let you know that due to SI alone I spent a thoroughly enjoyable evening Tuesday, Feb. 15 at the gym at SMU's campus in Dallas, Texas,



GYMNAST PETERSON IN CACT

watching the Swedish gymnasts perform.

SI told their tour story in the Jan. 24th issue. In the Feb. 7th issue, in an answer to a 19th Hout letter, the Swedish gymnasts' tour schedule was printed.

Dallas is 120 miles from here but the closest place the gymnasts were stopping, so I took advantage of this stop and saw them.

Thanks again to SI for helping me widen my first-hand coverage and knowledge of sports. I'm becoming of and becoming interested in many more as a result of being a charter member.

JOHN C. PAYNTER

Wahpet, S.D.

● The Swedish team's highly successful tour ended unhappily when two members were injured in a New York auto crash just before returning home.—ED.

KILIMANGJARO'S PASTIME

Sir:

The mail came in last week and along with it six copies of my subscription (given by my brother) of SI. Enjoyable reading out in the blue. I'm stationed on the famous snow-capped Kilimangjaro Mountain (SI, Dec. 4) which is the largest in Africa. We are some 4,800 feet high—on the west side of the mountain, where lower-known peak Mawenzi stands in all its majestic beauty, some 17,000 feet high. Only experts can climb Mawenzi.

Year Nov. 29th edition was interesting. Being an American, I had watched soccer football played on a few occasions in the States. But here it is the national pastime. The Africans love it—some are really good. All play in their bare feet. Since soccer here, I have organized a league—named the Mawenzi League—for our primary schools. At present seven schools participate. Our Middle School is in the District League, which comprises the Secondary and Middle Schools of the Mountain. We are going along fairly well but it's only the beginning. We are trying to get a uniform—especially the jersey—because it's confusing to the players when they wear their khaki clothes. Do you know anyone interested in helping us? We are a small and poor part of the Wonderful World of Sport. Our young men (married and unmarried) have formed soccer teams also. So you see, sports enter in my missionary work among the Africans.

I am a Catholic priest and a member of the Missionary Congregation of the Holy Ghost, whose members conduct Duquesne University. So I'm a great enthusiast for soccer and I think many Americans will be once they know the game.

D. V. DORNING

Tanganyika, E.A.

THAT GRIM-FACED MAN

Sir:

Being an avid sports fan I jumped at the opportunity of becoming a charter subscriber to your fine magazine. I have read every issue from cover to cover and have found each one to be jammed with exciting and worth-while material which even surpasses what I expected.

I especially enjoy the expert coverage that you are giving Southern California sports. This is a field which has been lacking in most sports periodicals.

continued on next page

Your issue of Feb. 28 was especially fascinating to me. My Peck's professional basketball photos were superb. Perhaps my or another of your fine photos could make some pictures as a follow-up to A. Elton Cooper's well-written report on the Italian sport of snow-making (28, Feb. 28, N.Y. retail section), another subject that interested me.

I also enjoyed the Perils of Winter Ball. One of Mark Kaufman's pictures shown Willie Miranda after injuring his hand. If my branch is correct, the grin-faced man standing to Miranda's left is none other than the dynamic and controversial manager of the Hollywood Stars of the Pacific Coast League, Bobby Bragan. If my suspicion is approved, please explain what he is doing in Puerto Rico.

MILTON LANGFORD

Los Angeles
P.S. Thanks again for the greatest contribution to sports since Francis Oulivet took the U.S. Open.



MANAGER BRAGAN

■ Robert R. Bragan II is Miranda's a member of Cuba's Almendares Club, which Bragan masterminded this off-season.—E.D.

THE MATADOR TAKES OVER

Sirs:

Congratulations on your well-presented and remarkably accurate bullfighting feature, *Only the Brave*.

I did, however, recall at author John Stanton's statement that there was one serious goring in every four corridos in Spain last year. Just not so; in 2,004 bullfights there occurred 144 goings, or one every 21 fights, and many of these wounds, like the one I received, were not classified as "grave."

Now for the real blow-off, leveled not at 21 but at its readers who wrote protesting the publication of *Only the Brave*. Since becoming a professional matador two years ago I have been beset, bedogged and verbally battered by a horde of indignant American tourists condemning me for "tormenting poor little bulls." Ninety per cent of these well-meaning people, like those who wrote to you, have probably never seen a bullfight!

Right here I want to make a point: bull-

fighting is probably the most complex, most difficult to understand spectator entertainment in the world today; those who can appreciate and evaluate a torero's performance are as scarce as Madrid taxis on a Sunday afternoon....

For example, a Mr. Thomas Turner wrote you and said, "The bulls don't have a chance...." Mr. Turner, the bulls aren't supposed to have a chance! (I wish John Stanton had emphasized this—it's the point most Americans fail to comprehend.) The bull is as good as dead once it is selected from the pasture for the corrida. Bullfighting is not a contest between a man and an animal to see which will come away alive; the bull always dies. The contest is between man and himself! Anyone can learn how to execute a beautiful corrida with just a few hours' practice, but two in a live bull and we separate the men from the boys. The element of death must be present to make the matador's effort worthwhile. The bull is simply a necessary "prop"—it just happens to be the only animal on earth which will change a moving object under punishment until death, i.e., the fighting bull kills purely for the love of killing....

Mr. Turner also made the statement, "Courage? Bullfighters might get killed but they are well paid for the long odds against that possibility." You have been using too many Tyrore Power movies. Mr. Turner, of more than 800 professional toreros in Spain, fewer than 75 have money in the bank. True, there are some very rich ones, but they paid for their wealth with goings, struggling years in pitiful pable lights, hungry days when they put what cash they had into a new sword or capot. I have been fighting two years, can show a net profit of \$100 and two big scars, about par for the course. Well paid for the possibility of being killed, Mr. Turner?

Keep up the good work, 21, but test me you run something about bullfighting, let's get Spain into the act....

HARRY L. WHITNEY

Madrid, Spain

■ ¡Viva in España!—E.D.

POPULAR AUTHOR

Sirs:

Thank you—and Gordon Lewis—for solving my vacation problem. His colorful description of the fishing paradise for Everyman (21, Jan. 17) sent me to the Florida Keys. Mr. Lewis was so right! I'll read him any time.

J. D. DRYER

North Benton, O.

WAS I THE FIRST?

Sirs:

21 was a Christmas present from my wife and I want to testify that I have enjoyed every copy of it so far.

Do you have any idea when the one-handed shot was first used in basketball? I know it was considered quite a trick shot when I first used it 35 years ago when playing for dear old Dierheim College. It was such a freak shot at the time that my coach (Morris Dittmer, now deceased) was ready to ban me from the squad but thought otherwise when I scored several game-winning baskets in those low-scoring games of that era.

I developed the shot because at the time I was slight in build and had little chance against those giant squads. As the play unfolded I would break directly toward my guard and then suddenly tear for the right-hand corner and bank it in over his outstretched arms....

I realize that these things are not world-shaking events, but maybe if you print this we can get more information on the subject.

R. J. WHITE

Sidney, O.

■ When Stanford beat NYU 45-42 in a 1927 intercollegiate game, largely on Hank Luisetti's one-handers, Nat Holman went on record that he would cut off his legs' arms before allowing such a stunt. The one-handed shot was seldom seen in the East. There are no records of the first attempt, but Reader White may safely consider himself a pioneer.—E.D.



"You mean that's the 'bomber' baby?"



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